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A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 445

HURRAH FOR THE COUNTRY!

BY OCTOBER JAMES.

Hurrah for the country—the joyous, the free!
Where the sunshine of heaven looks down on the
land!
Where the wild breezes dally with each leafy tree,
And the brow of the toiler by zephyrs is fanned!
No bustle of city, no hubbub of town,
No dusty street bordered by mortar and brick;
Through woodlands and meadows the roadway
leads down
Where daisies and buttercups blossom so thick.
Exchange thou the gaslights for beautiful stars!
Exchange thou the dust for the perfume of flowers!
And the moonbeams shall spangle, with silvery
bars,
Thy couch on the green grass in even's cool hours.
Hurrah for the country! pure air and blue sky!
Hurrah for the land which blooms freely for all!
Hurrah for the breezes which merrily
Waft bird-notes of music, and trout brooklets'
fall!

The Winning Oar;

OR,
THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of Boston and of Cambridge, of the
College boys of Harvard, of the great boat-
race, of woman's love, man's treachery,
and sisterly devotion.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE POLICE SPY," "OVERLAND
KIT," "INJUN DICK," "WOLF DEMON,"
"THE WHITE WITCH," "PRETTY MISS
NELL," "THE OWLS OF NEW YORK,"
"SUNDOWN," "THE GIRLS OF
NEW ORLEANS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

Of all the pretty cities of New England—almost
as renowned for handsome towns as the
old England from whence it takes its name—
not a single smiling hamlet can surpass fair
Cambridge, which, with its thirty odd thousand
people, is yet as truly a rural village as in the
days of yore when it could boast but a scant
ten thousand.

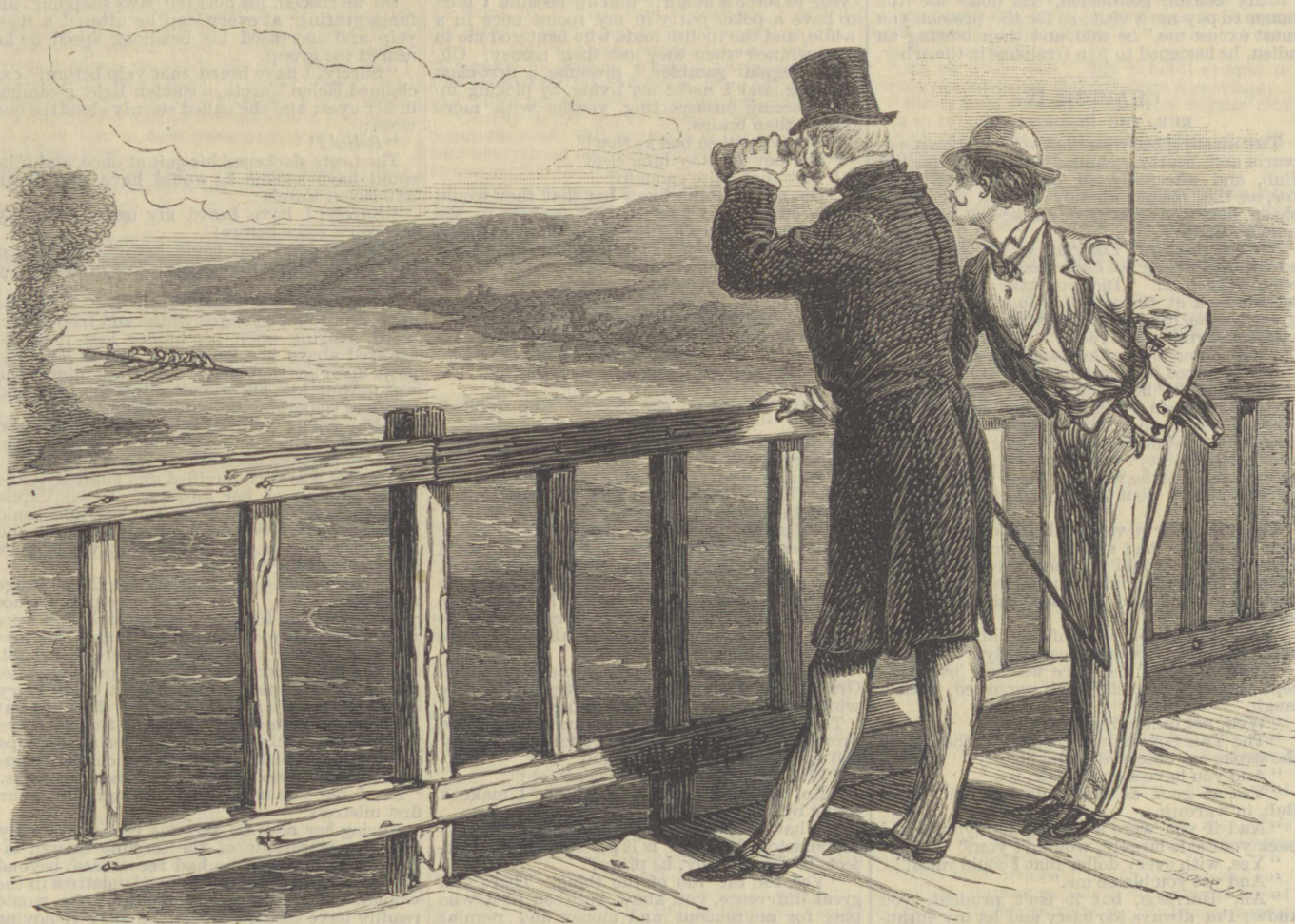
As fair a suburb, too, as old Boston can boast,
Brookline and the Highland District to the
contrary notwithstanding; the site of great Har-
vard college—the home of a full thousand of
eminent men, renowned in scholarship, in com-
merce, and in politics; yet to the boys of Har-
vard the pretty town owes most of its renown;
and of these lads of Harvard—the wearers of the
crimson handkerchiefs, which they have
bravely carried to the front in many a hard-
fought race—we are about to relate a story so
weird and strange, so improbable, at the first
glance, that, if we did not know the incidents to
be truth itself, we should hesitate to commit the
facts to ever-living print.

On a certain bright May morning, in the
year—Well, never mind the year; perhaps it
is as well not to deal too closely with figures;
but the stirring events which we are about to
chronicle are still so fresh in the memories of
the world at large that any one who peruses
this recital, and is at all familiar with the his-
tory of the contests between Yale and Harvard
for the championship of the waters, will surely
be able to fix the date as accurately as though I
had written it—a tall, good-looking, well-dressed
fellow got off a railway train at the little sta-
tion on the Brighton road, which used to be
called Cambridge Crossing, but is now dignified
by a more sounding appellation, and walked
slowly down the road which led into Cam-
bridgeport (as the lower part of the town is
called) by means of a bridge over the Charles
river. This structure, generally known as the
Brighton bridge, the second one spanning the
river as you ascend it from the broad bay be-
low, the first one being known as the Cottage
Farms bridge.

As we have said, this young man was a tall,
well-dressed fellow—in fact, a little too well-
dressed for good taste; he displayed altogether
too much jewelry; diamond studs glittered in
his shirt-front, a costly pin of the same brilliant
gem held together the folds of his scarf, a small
fortune in diamonds he wore in the shape of
rings upon his slender, white, aristocratic fin-
gers; the watch-chain that ornamented the
front of his snowy-white vest was as thick
around as one's finger, and as he drew forth his
timepiece to ascertain the hour, a careful ob-
server would have seen that it, too, was richly
adorned with precious gems—a tiny little bit of
a thing, fit only for a lady and utterly out of
place in the possession of a gentleman.

At first glance one would have said that this
very much dressed gentleman was a handsome
fellow, for he had curly hair, black as jet, care-
fully oiled and arranged; a white, aristocratic-
looking face, regular in its features, with the
exception of the nose, which was slightly curved;
the lips were rather thin and bloodless, and there
was a hard, cruel expression about the eyes and
mouth which could hardly be perceived at first,
but to a close examiner it would have been per-
ceptible, although the man took the greatest
care to conceal it. A perfect actor was this in-
dividual, although no stage-player, and from an
early age he had trained his features to con-
ceal, and not to betray, the feelings of his heart.

Of good old blue Boston "cultus" blood came
this gentleman, and yet his enemies said that he
was a black sheep if ever there was one in this
world.
He was called Harrison Grahame, but in the
sporting world, where acute "sharps" most do
congregate, he was far better known as Harry
Gray, for thus he abbreviated his name when
"on the turf." He had wit enough to under-
stand that it was no creditable thing for a blue-
blooded Boston gentleman, a Beacon-Hillite
born and bred, to appear in the public prints as



With the regularity of clockwork the eight oars rose and fell, the stroke-oar keeping a vigilant eye upon the rest.

the sporting gentleman, the high-spirited
"Corinthian," who found the money to back
the "Dublin Mouse" to box the "Pittsburg
Chicken," or had his daring deeds chronicled as
the plucky sport who broke the Twenty-third
street faro-bank in an eight hours' sitting.

Oh, no! the honored name of Harrison, so
dear to Massachusetts annals—or Grahame,
remembrance of ancient Scottish chivalry—must
not be soiled in such a manner; but Harry Gray
—why, Harry Gray could do anything, and no
one of the fashionable circle in which he moved
would be the wiser for it.

Carelessly flourishing the light gold-headed
switch he carried, he strode along with a
lusty stride, apparently at peace with him-
self and all the world, and yet there was a look
upon his face, every now and then, that would
have betrayed to a close observer that he was
far from being easy in his mind.

It did not take Mr. Harry Gray long to cover
the distance which intervened between the rail-
way station and the Brighton bridge over the
Charles river, and as he approached the bridge
the mysterious actions of a man on the other
side of the structure excited his attention.
This person was well on in years, with a hard,
wiry face, ornamented with a huge nose, very
red at the tip, a pair of shrewd little gray-green
eyes, a bristling iron-gray mustache, and small
side-whiskers of the same hue. He was dressed
very soberly, in complete black—the cut of the
garments, though, being of a rather ancient
type; and he wore an old-fashioned stand-up
collar, a dickey, as it used to be called, encom-
passed by a stiff black stock necktie, which gave
the wearer a semi-military look; and this was
rather enhanced, too, by a peculiar, erect car-
riage natural to the man, an old bearing to the
head, and a sort of a military strut, so that one
used to the manner and style of old army officers
would have pronounced the man to be a veteran
soldier.

Under his arm he carried a light cane orna-
mented with a little tassels; no modern
stick, evidently, from this peculiarity.

What attracted the attention of the new-
comer was that the old gentleman had a field-
glass in his hand, and was busily engaged in
surveying the upper part of the river.
"By Jove! it is the veteran!" Grahame ex-
claimed, as he came on; "but, what on earth is
he up to? but hardly had he asked the question
when the answer occurred to him. 'What an
idiot I am!' he continued. 'This is the train-
ing-ground of the Harvard crew, and he is
watching their stroke, just as, for the past week,
at Lake Saltonstall, I have been watching the
Yale boys in their training. I wonder which
crew he has bet on? He's a shrewd old dodger,
and is up to as many tricks as any man alive.
If his money is invested on the right side per-
haps I might be able to bring him into the
scheme I have in view; he'd be no bad assistant,
for he's as cunning as a fox and as heartless as a
hawk!'

By this time Grahame had reached the bridge,
and as his footstep, sounding on it, attracted
the attention of the old man, he carelessly put
his glass in his pocket, and adjusting a pair of
eyeglasses upon his nose turned to get a look at
the interloper.

"Hallo, general!" exclaimed the young man,
as he came up to him; "what brings you here?
You're about the last man I expected to see!"
"Same to you, dear boy; same to you!" re-
plied the old gentleman, flourishing his cane in
the air and executing a military salute with it.
"Oh, I've some relatives residing in the town
yonder, and I've just run on from New York for
a visit," Grahame answered, shaking hands with
the old gentleman, an operation on the part of
the general which was performed with great
formality.

And now before I plunge deeper into the nar-
rative I must give some account of this odd-
looking old gentleman who is destined to play

quite an important part in the story which I am
about to relate.

He was popularly known as General Lycurgus
McShooter, and among a certain class was about
as widely acquainted as any man in the coun-
try. Few race gatherings were there of any
importance, from New Orleans to Boston, that
were not honored by the general's presence in the
"quarter-stretch," as the noted locality
next to the judge's stand, and sacred to the
heavy bettors, horse-owners, jockeys, etc., is
termed. Not a genteel blackleg in the country
but knew the general, and there wasn't a colored
guardian to the precincts of King Faro in the
land but would at once display his "ivories" at
the approach of the old gentleman, and gladly,
without parley, admit him to the rooms sacred
to the goddess of Fortune.

In fine, the general was an old sport, and was
about as keen-headed and as unscrupulous an
old scamp as the country could very well pro-
duce.
How he came by the title of "general" no one
knew, although there was a tradition—we say a
tradition, as for the last twenty years the gen-
eral had not altered apparently in the least, and
no one knew anything more about him than
that at present—that he was formerly an officer
in the army, and had been cashiered for some
questionable practices.

The general, when questioned upon the point,
always insisted that he was one of the veterans
of the war of 1812 and that he had won a gen-
eral's grade in that struggle, and when asked, as
to his age, replied with great gravity that he
was one hundred and ten years old, and that he
fully expected to live to be a hundred and fifty
at the least.

"Some relatives, eh?" the general remarked.
"Yes, but what brings you here?"
"Oh, friends in Boston—friends in Boston!"
the general replied, lightly swinging his switch
in the air.

"Yes, but what are you doing on this bridge?"
"Merely taking the air," the general replied.
"With a field-glass, eh?"
"Observing the scenery, that's all, dear boy!"
"And you are not watching the Harvard
crew?"

"Oh, what an idea!"
"See! here they come now!" and Grahame
pointed up the stream, and the general instantly
turned his keen, hawk-like eyes in the direction.
"I take a great deal of interest in this crew."
"Ah, you do?"
"Yes; the stroke oar is my cousin, Otis Law-
rence, or 'Bub' Lawrence as he is generally
termed."

CHAPTER II.

A VILLAINOUS SCHEME.
"Indeed! you astonish me, dear boy!" the
general exclaimed.

The conversation was cut short by the ap-
proach of the crew.
Down the stream and around the slight curve
in the river came the Harvard boat, the light
racing shell manned by its eight hardy, plucky
oarsmen and its little dapper coxswain; for this
year, after the English fashion which the Har-
vard boys had brought back with them from
their brief visit across the water to Albion's
shores, the race with Yale was to be rowed with
coxswains contrary to the usual American cus-
tom.

With the regularity of clockwork the eight
oars rose and fell, the stroke-oar keeping a
vigilant eye upon the rest of the crew and instruct-
ing an individual member every now and then
in regard to his pulling; in fact, acting as
"coach" to the crew, contrary to the English
custom where the "coach," an instructor of the
crew, generally runs at full speed along the
bank of the river thus keeping up with the boat
and shouts his instructions at them. As for in-
stance:

"Steady! No. 8! you bend your back too

much. No. 5, too long in your recovery. No.
4, put more power in your elbow. Now give it
to her, all together!—quicken! hit her up, hit
her up!"

The crew were not rowing in downright ear-
nest but were only paddling along, so to speak,
for they well knew that vigilant, watching eyes
were upon them, and it was not part of their
policy to show exactly what they really could
do until the day of the race came, when, side by
side with their opponents, they waited for the
word.

"Are you ready, gentlemen? Go!" of the
judge.

And then, too, after passing the lower bridge
there was a broad stretch of water, a couple of
miles at the least, where they could exert their
powers without danger of being so closely
watched as in the narrow stream above.

Although merely playing at rowing, as it
were, yet the long light shell shot under the
bridge at a rapid pace—the college boys stripped
naked to the waist, their skins tanned by the
rays of the sun as brown almost as a red In-
dian's, and their heads surmounted by the crim-
son handkerchief which so often had led the
way, in many a hard-fought race, past the
judge's stand.

Under the bridge darts the boat, emerged on
the other side, and went flashing down the
river, the four pair of oars moving with the reg-
ularity of time itself; past the old powder-house
and its little dock on the Cambridge side, past
Grey Grove, the old-time swimming-place of
the Boston boys on the Brookline shore, where,
in the halcyon days of our boyhood, my brother
George—now in the silent tomb, his busy pen
condemned to the rest which in this life he never
gave—and myself learned, like the ancient Ro-
mans, to rise victoriously over the waves; and
the Cottage Farms bridge and out into the broad
bay beyond went the boat.

Turning and leaning their backs against the
rail the two men from their point of vantage
watched the boat until it disappeared under the
Brookline bridge.

The general by means of the field-glass had
watched the crew very narrowly indeed, and as
the boat disappeared from sight he closed the
glass up and with a half-sigh returned it to his
pocket.

The young man with his shrewd, cunning
eyes had watched the old man narrowly and he
fancied that, despite the astuteness of the old
fox, he could detect what was passing within
his mind.

"Well, what do you think of the crew?" he
asked; "a deuced good one, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear boy, a very fine crew, indeed; the
best crew that I have seen for many a long day.
They are only just paddling along—just playing
at pulling, you know—and yet they are making
about thirty strokes to the minute." Did you
notice how their stroke takes hold of the water,
and what a splendid recovery they have, too?

By the eternal Jove, sir! I don't believe that
there is a crew in the world that can beat them
in a fair race!"

"It's a pity that you have bet heavily against
them," Grahame observed, carelessly.

"Eh?" cried the general, sharply, turning in
surprise; "how did you know that?"

"Oh, guessed it, that's all," answered Gra-
hame. "I'm in the same boat; I stand to lose
ten thousand dollars if the Harvard crew wins
the race."

"The deuce you do! Dear boy, you astonish
me!"

"Yes; I got picked up on the extraordinary
odds offered. In one of the New York clubs I
heard an old Harvard man boldly offer to bet
three to one on crimson handkerchiefs, thirty
to ten. I had seen the Yale crew at work and
knew that they were a very fine crew, and I
had heard, too, that the Harvards had only an
indifferent set of men in their boat this year, so
I jumped at the offer and booked it there and
then, and a precious fool I was, too."

"That is truth, dear boy, these dark horses
are terrible things to bet against, sometimes. I
got picked up the same way. The odds offered
struck me as being ridiculous, and so I invested;
two thousand dollars, too, just think of it! That's
a nice sum for a man of my age and ex-
perience to get fooled out of! After I had made
the bet it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps
I was a little too hasty, and so I took a run on
here to look at the crew."

"Well, what do you think of your chance
now?"

"Dear boy! that two thousand dollars is
gone!" the general replied, with a solemn shake
of the head. "To use the old sporting saying,
it is Lombard street to a China orange that these
fellows win. They can't lose except by acci-
dent."

"We had better 'hedge,' then, by betting
now that Harvard wins, and by laying sufficient
money we may be able to save ourselves."

"A very bright thought, dear boy, and one
that occurred to me yesterday, and I instantly
telegraphed on to New York. This is the an-
swer I received," and the general took a tele-
gram from his pocket and handed it to
Grahame.

The young man read it aloud:

"Odds four and five to one; no takers; no good."

"You see, my dear fellow, we are regularly
let in for it," the general remarked, with a dole-
ful air. "But you can stand it; ten thousand is a
trifle to you, while two thousand is utter ruin to
me."

Grahame made a wry face.
"My dear general, since it is probable that
you and I will have to act together in this mat-
ter I may as well confess to you that I couldn't
raise a thousand dollars in the world to save my
life."

"You astound me!"
"It's the truth; I've been terribly unlucky of
late; I am very deeply involved, indeed, and I
relied upon this bet to help me out. Hark ye,
general, I'm in a pretty bad box, and I've just
made up my mind the Harvard crew have got
to lose this race!"

"Difficult, difficult, dear boy," cried the gen-
eral, with a wise shake of the head. "These col-
lege chaps have got such queer notions of honor
and all that sort of thing. You can't buy 'em,
you know, to 'throw' the race, like you can
in a while."

"By fair means they can't lose and so by foul
means they must!" Grahame replied, a deter-
mined light shining in his eyes.

"Oh! I think I understand," the general
said, with a knowing wink, after a moment's
pause; "this stroke-oar, your cousin, Bub, then,
you say his name is? You can do something
with him. He could manage the matter easily
enough. Thirty thous! Make him an offer to
stand in with him; give him half the swag;
fifteen thousand dollars ain't to be sneezed at."

"It would be as much as my life is worth to
even hint at such a thing, for Bub is as fine an
athlete as there is in the country, and he most
surely would try to strangle me on the spot. A
million in gold wouldn't buy him to 'throw' the
race."

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed the general,
reflectively; "a remarkable man—and they are
so scarce, too!"

"No; whatever is done must be done by cunning
and by trickery. But has he a girl, a beautiful
girl, like all these muscular, big-hearted men. He is
as simple and trusting as a child. He likes me,
and believes me to be the best friend that he has
on earth, when, in reality, I have hated him
from boyhood as bitterly as possible. His very
birth was a grievous wrong to me, and I am
five years his senior. His father and my father
were brothers; my uncle was a rich man and a
confirmed old bachelor, as all supposed, while
my father was a poor man. Bub's father always
liked me from my birth, and often said that I
should be his heir, and then all of a sudden he
took it into his head to get married. Bub was
born, and of course that put my nose complet-
ely out of joint, although the old fellow when he
died had the decency to leave me twenty thou-
sand dollars, but what was that paltry sum com-
pared to the half million which Bub and his sis-
ter, Helena, came in for?"

"Oh! dear boy, go for the sister!"

"That is exactly my game and that is partly
why I came here now. I have been paying
court to Helena for some time; she's a shy girl,
but I rather think she favors me. At any rate,
she will not go against her brother if he advises
her to accept. So, upon his decision all depends.
If he says yes and accepts me as Helena's
future husband, all will be well. I'll make a
clean breast of how I stand and bow some
money of him to meet my debts; but if he re-
fuses—"

"And you think he will," added the general,
shrewdly.

"I'm afraid so," Grahame replied, with a
lowering brow. "Well, if he refuses, then I'll
do my best to ruin him and make his crew lose
this race. He is mixed up in a love affair now
with two girls—"

"Two?" exclaimed the general, in astonish-
ment; "by the beard of my grandfather! wouldn't
one be enough at a time?"

"Well, it's an odd affair, and I'll explain it to
you as we walk along. Come with me up to old
Cambridge. I am to meet Bub at five this after-
noon at a certain place where the students re-
sort, and after my interview with him, we
can lay our plans, if I fail in my suit, as I think
I will, despite Bub's friendship for me."

CHAPTER III.

THE WOODBINE INN.

"Go ahead!" cried the general; "I am with
you, dear boy, in anything to save my little
two thousand."

"We may as well walk," Grahame suggested, as he led the way from the bridge; "we'll have plenty of time to get there before the crew come back and we can talk the matter over as we walk along."

Grahame, acquainted with the town, conducted his companion through the cross streets until they reached the main thoroughfare, the elm-lined Main street, up which they walked toward the colleges.

"Now to begin at the beginning," he explained how I came to be so well posted in regard to Bub and his doings. One of his love affairs he himself confided to me and the other was told me in strict confidence by one of the college boys whom I met in New York last week. In regard to the first love affair, Bub boarded in the house of a certain Dr. Artemus Peabody, a distant relation of our family, a scholar of great knowledge but of limited means. When Bub's father died he made this doctor a guardian over Bub—who was not of age—and of his sister, who has just reached her majority. In fact, the old gentleman has acted as Bub's tutor ever since he was old enough to learn anything and has been to him more like a father than anything else. Now, the doctor has a daughter, a pretty, fashionable girl, named Winifred. She has always been a great favorite of Bub's; being brought up together they have always been like a brother and sister. Well, now the last time I was on here I noticed that there was a slight change in the manner of the pair toward each other, and I instantly suspected that there was a sort of a love-affair between them. I joked Bub on the subject, and as he became quite grave over the matter, I feel pretty certain that I had guessed correctly. In order to sound the doctor I hinted slightly in regard to the matter, but you can judge of my surprise when he became terribly excited, declared that I must be wrong, that they only regarded each other as brother and sister, and that a marriage between them was utterly inadvisable and begged that I would never mention such a thing to anybody. Here was mystery number one.

"And the second love-affair, confided to me in strict confidence by this Harvard student whom I met in New York, takes in a girl named Kitty Googoo. She is the daughter of an old couple who keep a sort of an English ale-house called the Woodbine Inn situated near Harvard Square, a great resort of the collegians. The father is an old English oarsman, who acts as a sort of coach to the college crews, and, what is rather strange in such a man, he is a most rich college-member. This girl, Kitty, has only lately come to Cambridge and there is something odd about her. Something not just on the square, this young fellow said, but that was all that I could get out of him. I suppose that there was a desperate flirtation going on between Bub and the girl, and there's mystery number two."

"Deuced interesting, my boy!"

"Yes, well, I'm going to meet Bub at this Woodbine Inn and at the same time I can take a look at the girl. I rather flatter myself that I shall be able to find out the mystery that is connected with her, but as for the other one, the old doctor's niece, I confess I am puzzled."

"Ah, well, time may reveal all."

The further conversation that took place between the two is not worth detailing, being of little interest, until they reached their destination.

The Woodbine Inn was a plain little white cottage surrounded by a large garden filled with shrubbery in the midst of which small arbors were constructed wherein little tables were placed for the accommodation of the customers. It was a charming rural retreat, so different from the average American boarding-house that it was little wonder that it was well patronized by the college boys.

Entering one of the arbors Grahame rapped upon the table, and the summons was answered by a big, burly, middle-aged man, whose general build and broad face betrayed at the first glance that he was a son of Albion's—isle—one of those brawny, beefed, beer-drinking Britons whose stout arms and brave hearts have triumphantly carried the Union Jack of Great Britain all around the world and caused that flag to be respected in every clime and by every nation.

"That's Googoo himself," Grahame observed to the general as the host emerged from the back; "a fine oarsman, a capital boxer, a jolly good fellow in every way, and yet as strict a church-member as any deacon in the land."

"You surprise me, dear boy."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Grahame!" exclaimed the host, ducking his partly bald head as he came up to the arbor; "you're quite a stranger."

Googoo spoke with an English accent as broad as his person, and his round, healthy face beamed with good-nature as he looked upon the young gentleman, for was not his guest the cousin and particular friend of "Bub" Lawrence, the stroke-or of the Harvard crew? and as Googoo always declared, with great energy, the finest amateur oarsman that ever stepped foot within a boat or feathered a pair of sculls—the best man that Harvard college has ever seen, or any other college either, for that matter!

"Yes, I've just taken a run on to see Bub."

"He's with the crew on the river for a spin, but he'll be back soon."

"He'll stop in here on the way home, I presume?"

"Oh, yes, he always does, and all the rest of 'em, too; they all want a glass of my ginger ale to wash the dust out of their throats."

"Bub's crew is pretty sure to win this time, eh?" Grahame asked, carelessly.

"Sure to win? Why, bless my soul, it's a horse to a hen on them!" cried the old man, enthusiastically.

"But they say the Yale crew is the best one that college has had for years," the general observed.

"It don't matter the weight of a pin, sir," the old man declared, with a wise shake of the head; "Bub's crew will beat 'em all to pieces."

"Well, I hope the college boys call him Bub. He's the coxswain of your crew, isn't he?"

"Yes, but that idea is all nonsense!" Bub exclaimed, impatiently. "Dicky is only a boy."

Folks couple his name with your sister's, though."

"That is because he boards at the doctor's, and is a strong friend of mine. He loves me like a brother."

"Of course, Peyton is rich and I'm poor—"

"Harrison can't do that so meanly of you as to believe that that would have any influence over me if there was no other reason?" Bub cried, impatiently.

"Oh, there is another reason, then?"

"Yes, and might as well speak plainly. You know that I stand in the light of a father to Helena, and I regard it as my sacred duty to see her happily bestowed in life. Her husband must be a man against whom the breath of suspicion never be directed."

"That is as much to say that I am not that kind of a man," Grahame observed, his face growing pale and his eyes beginning to shine wickedly.

"Harrison, Heaven knows that I would gladly evade this last question, but I can't do so, replied with a troubled voice, his whole manner plainly betraying the agitation under which he labored, "for I like you, Harrison—like you as well as any man that breathes the breath of life this day, but the faults that I can pardon in you as a friend I cannot overlook when you appear as a suitor for the hand of my sister."

"What do you mean? I confess I do not understand you."

"Harrison's manner was quite calm, unimpaired by any trace of any other feeling, despite the fact that rage was burning within his heart, and stirring every pulse of his being."

"Why, Harrison, you know that you left college here before your time."

"Yes; study did not agree with me."

"The men of your class don't speak well of you; and Harrison, old boy, don't force me to say anything more. Take 'No' for an answer."

that could not have stripped as a model for a young Hercules or a godlike Apollo.

Seating themselves at a circular table, under the shade of a huge cherry-tree, they called loudly for their ginger ale, and then chaffed the good-natured Englishman liberally when he brought it.

The leader of the party was a tall, well-proportioned youth, standing at least five feet ten, and built from the ground upward, to use the old sporting expression—a blue-eyed, blonde-haired, smoothly-shaven young gentleman, with as finely a proportioned head as ever sat on human shoulders. The features were prominent and regular, and there was a good, frank expression about the face that would be certain to win friends at the first glance.

This was Otis Lawrence, a descendant of one of the oldest and richest New England families—a race who could trace back its line right to the day of the Puritan fathers, a set of godly men, but, withal, a narrow-minded, tyrannical set of bigots as ever existed.

Young Lawrence—he was only three-and-twenty—was the heir to a princely fortune; a half million of dollars well and safely invested his father had left, and he and his sister, Helena, were the only legatees.

Lawrence had all the qualities that appertain to a noble manhood; frank and loyal by nature, quick to aid a friend, slow to resent an injury, he was a very prince of good-fellows, and from his great love of animal spirits, being always full of life and fun, he had been unanimously dubbed "Bub" by all his friends, and as Bub Lawrence he was far better known than by his own proper appellation.

What a good-natured jest and cheerful laugh the party drank their ginger ale, and then the host remembering Grahame told Bub that that gentleman was waiting to see him.

Bub rose at once.

"My cousin, gentlemen, has done me the honor to pay a visit, so for the present you must excuse me," he said, and then bowing an adieu, he hastened to join Grahame in the arbor.

CHAPTER IV.

BUB, THE STROKE-OR.

The meeting between the two young men was warm and hearty, genuinely so on the part of Bub, and affectedly so on Grahame's side, for, as the reader already knows, the black sheep brother the Harvard stroke-or no great amount of love for his cousin.

"Well, Harrison, I'm glad to see you!" Bub exclaimed, taking the chair that the other pushed toward him. "Did you take a run over to have a look at the crew? You were always a great betting man, so I suppose that you have invested heavily on the race?"

"Yes, about thirty thousand dollars."

Bub indulged in a prolonged whistle.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, in astonishment, "you have been going it rather strong! But don't you think that thirty thousand dollars is a large sum to stake upon what, after all, is a decided uncertainty? For, Harrison, there is no telling which is the winning crew until we pull by the judge's boat and the deciding gun is fired."

The stroke-or never doubted for an instant that his cousin had staked his money that the Harvard crew would win, and it rather annoyed him to think that Harrison in his cousinly partisanship—as Bub supposed—should risk so large a sum.

"Oh, well, I felt so confident about the result," the other answered, carelessly.

"You thought the race was all over except the shouting, eh?" Bub suggested, with a laugh.

"Well, not quite so bad as that."

"The Yale boys have a good crew, they say," the stroke-or observed, thoughtfully.

"And you have a good crew, too."

"Yes, as good as ever pulled an oar!" cried Bub, in warmth.

"And if you were a betting man you would back your side largely, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, with every dollar that I could raise!"

"And yet you blame me."

"Ah, Harrison, but it isn't prudent, you know; I'm always too hasty and let my enthusiasm run away with my judgment," Bub replied, slowly.

"Bet a couple of thousand if you like; but take my advice and don't risk thirty; it is entirely too much, and excuse the question, Harrison—can you afford to lose any such sum in case we fail to win? An accident, you know, may defeat the best of crews. One of our men may go amiss on the very day of the race, an oar may break, or some blundering booby may run a boat in our way; a hundred things may happen to snatch victory from our grasp even at the very moment of success."

"Well, Bub, of course you know how I am situated," said the other, affecting to be deeply interested by the remarks of the stroke-or.

"Of course I can't afford to lose two thousand, let alone thirty."

"Ah, Harrison, a man should not venture what he has not got. It is but enough to lose money but honor is far more precious."

"Well, I'll take your advice, and hedge so as to stand safe whichever way the race goes."

"Do, and you'll take a weight off my mind!" cried Bub, his face lighting up, and he bestowed upon the other a warm grasp of the hand.

"But how about the other matter that I hinted at in my letter?"

Bub's face became quite grave.

"You mean in regard to my sister, Helena?"

"Yes."

"Well, Harrison, I hardly know what to say; you place me in a very embarrassing position. Helena is hardly more than a child; she is not old enough to think of marriage yet."

"She is eighteen."

"And she has had a half a dozen suitors already, but perhaps you prefer this young Virginian, Mr. Richard Randolph Peyton, or Dicky Dolph, as the college boys call him, to me?"

"Yes, but that idea is all nonsense!" Bub exclaimed, impatiently. "Dicky is only a boy."

Folks couple his name with your sister's, though."

"That is because he boards at the doctor's, and is a strong friend of mine. He loves me like a brother."

"Of course, Peyton is rich and I'm poor—"

like a good fellow, and let us have done with this disagreeable subject forever."

"Oh, no, Otis; you don't know me at all if you think for a single moment that I would be content to rest silent under any accusation!"

Harrison replied, spiritedly, and endeavoring to assume an appearance of great frankness, and he succeeded very well, too, for the man was an excellent dissembler. "And as for the men of my class—well, we didn't get on together at all. The fact is, Bub, I always hated college."

"Harrison, the college returns the sentiment," the stroke-or replied, quietly.

A slight flush appeared upon Grahame's pale cheeks as he winced under the well-directed shot, and for a moment he showed his white teeth viciously.

"Well, I presume that there isn't any love lost between the college and myself," he said, after a slight pause. "I will own that I was never much of a student, and that I had very little sympathy or association with the men of my class. I presume they say that I used to play cards a great deal."

"Yes, they do."

"Well, I suppose I must plead guilty to that. I confess that while I was at college I did have a regular mania for playing."

"But that isn't the worst of it, Harrison," Bub observed, quietly.

"What more do they say?"

"They say that you played cards too well."

"You mean that I cheated, eh?" cried Harrison, growing very pale indeed.

"No, they don't say that openly, but they say that you always used to win, and that your antagonists generally were men who had money and yet didn't know enough to take care of it—"

"Well, that's an ugly report about a man, isn't it?" Harrison cried, sarcastically, endeavoring to force a laugh; "and all because I used to have a poker party in my rooms once in a while, and the foolish lads who basted me, and play whined when they lost their money. Oh, I'm a regular gambler, I presume, a first-class blackleg, and I make my living by picking up and fleecing unsuspecting youths with more money than brains."

"Oh, no; not so bad as that!"

"Do they say anything else?"

"Isn't that quite enough?"

"Oh, no! I didn't know but that they would make out that I used to pick pockets in the classroom, or play highwayman on the college campus. They might as well have made a good story while they were about it."

Harrison was decidedly sarcastic.

"Old fellow, I am sorry that I was forced to tell you this, but I couldn't help it. These lying reports, you would object to my marriage with Helena, even though she desired the union?"

"But, Harrison, she doesn't," Bub replied, quietly. "I told her about the matter, and she likes you as a cousin only."

"Well, I'm sorry; it's quite a disappointment to me; but let the matter pass. I trust that it will blow over."

"Not a bit!" cried Bub, instantly, giving the other another hearty gripe of the hand. "For I like you, Harrison; you're a deuced good fellow, anyway. But you must excuse me now; I see the boys are off to come up to the house and see us. Good-by!" and then Bub hurried away to join his companions, and they all quitted the garden together.

The general came from his corner and found Grahame glaring with angry eyes and a face white with passion at the two young men.

"There was hardly need of a question, for the shrewd old man understood at once that the day had gone against his companion."

"Well, well; you didn't make it, eh?"

"No, of course; but he has heard that I make a living by card-playing, and he is right."

"What of that?" cried the general, in profound astonishment; "is it possible that he objects to that? Why, he plays!"

"Yes, for the fun of the thing. There is a great difference, you know, between men who play for amusement and money and regular card-sharps like ourselves. There's only one thing to be done; the Harvard crew must be made to lose this race. We must entrap this stroke-or in some way."

"Dear boy, I saw the very instrument for our purpose in the house just now—the girl, the old man's daughter, this Kitty with whom your cousin is infatuated. And no wonder! She's a good-looking creature, and I rather fancy that she has got her eye on our thumb."

The old man has gone out; rap on the table and she undoubtedly will come, and then you shall see what you shall see!"

Grahame obeyed at once.

A slender, delicate, ladylike girl, with jet-black hair and wonderful dark eyes, dressed plainly, came tripping from the house, but the moment she beheld the pair a cry of alarm came from her lips, and she fell imploringly upon her knees.

"For Heaven's sake, do not betray me!" she cried.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE WAIF.

BY MRS. MARY COMSTOCK.

I met a little fearful child,
With rags and dirt for dower,
And yet, she turned to me and smiled,
And said, "I have a flower!"
A simple flower of golden hue,
To that sad one was given,
And for that boon her eyes of blue
Had lost all of their heaven.
Oh, sinless infancy divine!
Alike, through sun and storm,
A consolation is thine,
Our worldly hearts to warm.

Franz,

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE; OR, THE BRIDE OF PARIS.

A Thrilling Story of the Commune.

BY A. P. MORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THE FIFTH SERPENT," "THE FRIENDS OF CHICAGO,"

"STAR OF DIAMONDS," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ACTRESS AND THE VOODOO.

In the same moment that the maid, Annette, cried out the identity of the man lying on the ground, he was rising to his feet, and as Helen Varcla, sword in hand, wheeled around with an exclamation of surprise and gratification—the heavy, iron-picketed gate of *El Bibou* swung open and two men emerged. The two were the men who had brought Victor Bramont to the house of the Voodoo, and evidently, they had overheard the words of Annette, for one asked:

"Where is he? I have reason to believe that Ximo, my mistress, has a special desire to see Franz Edouin."

"This way!" called Helen Varcla, not hearing the man's question, but perceiving that the two came from the owl-of-a-house, and judging instantly that they were in the employ of the Voodoo.

"This way, quickly! Aid me to capture this man whom your mistress has bargained with me to have secure in her house this night."

"By Heaven! it is from the frying-pan into the coals!" thought Franz Edouin; and aloud, he cried: "Whoever you are, beware! I have no intention to become the prisoner of any one. Back—all of you! or this pistol shall—"

A terrific and skillful cut from the sword of Helen Varcla knocked the drawn and leveled pistol from his grasp, and simultaneously the two men threw themselves upon him with the ferocity of tigers.

Aided by the actress, who succeeded in tripping the victim, Franz was soon overpowered and bound hand and foot, when Helen Varcla hissed menacingly into his ears:

"A loud word, or a cry for help, and I shall brain you with this sword!"

Realizing the utter uselessness of any attempt to invoke assistance, and his inability to resist further, Franz remained passive and silent in the hands of his captors, groaning in spirit at the recollection of his beloved Osalind being now, more than ever, unprotected and in the power of the villainous Philip De Vin.

"Oh, Heaven of the helpless!" he thought, "what have I done to deserve this! My poor, poor Osalind! God alone can aid you now!"

As she spoke thus encouragingly, the group was brought abruptly to a stand by a loud, sudden, threatening growl in front.

"The dog! The dog of our mistress!" hissed, in affright, the two men who carried Edouin between them, and their knees smote together as the huge dog, Belial, came bounding and leaping down the broad path to attack the intruders.

Annette sunk to the ground on her knees, covering her face in terror. Franz Edouin gave a start, and his knees smote together as the thirty animal, and averted his face with a feeling of sickness. Helen Varcla alone seemed unmoved by this prospect of a terrible encounter. She stood in advance, her form slightly bent, with one foot thrown out, and the hand that carried the sword drawn back past the hip. Her teeth were set and every muscle gathered for one fierce blow at the coming foe.

On he rushed, his massive jaws snapping, his fangs grating; at every leap he uttered a mad cry, and increased his headlong speed as he neared the group.

"Surely, I have heard that yelp before!" exclaimed Helen Varcla, a sudden light gleaming in her eyes; and she called sternly aloud the one word:

"Belial!"

The brute slackened his gait at once, and if he could have spoken he would have said, much like Helen Varcla:

"Surely, I have heard my name called by that very voice before!"

"Belial, good dog, come here!" commanded the actress, following up the effect produced by her first word.

Belial halted a few leaps from her. Then he gave vent to a prolonged whine and trotted forward, rearing upon his hinder legs until he towered above her head, and placed both big paws upon her shoulders. The next minute she was patting him affectionately on the head and ears and smoothing his still bristling back.

"Instead of the dog devouring her at one snap, they are hugging each other! Look!"

Annette was both terrified and amazed at the novel position of her mistress. Helen Varcla was speaking to the dog in English, and could the others have been near enough to catch, and all understand her language, they would have heard something like this:

"Good Belial! Oh, my favorite! How strange to meet you here! Ten years have passed since you were stolen from me, and though you were then but a year old, you do not forget the first mistress who fed you. There—there—good fellow! no kisses from your ugly but precious nose. Let me pat and play a moment with this hairy head. So you wish to hug me? Ha! ha! ha! You gave us quite a scare, a moment since. Have you forgotten this sound?"—puckering her lips and trilling a shrill whistle, to which Belial answered with two distinct, loud, hoarse barks.

"No, I see you remember the signal of your first mistress."

During her address, she was receiving kindly the demonstrations of the terrible though sagacious brute, until he had recognized, beyond doubt, a former and much-loved mistress in the woman who, a moment previous, he would have torn to pieces. Gently removing the herculean limbs from her shoulders, she turned to her companions with:

"Come, friends; this good dog is an old comrade of mine. Whoever walks with me need have no fear of his teeth."

She started toward the house, Belial trotting docilely at her side, and the rest of the party following rather timidly.

"Ay, but this woman is a witch!" declared one of the men who carried Franz Edouin. "For none but a witch could so easily charm such a devil-of-a-dog!"

Annette, with a sudden comprehension dawning, was saying to herself:

"The mastiff must be the same that was lost or stolen from my mistress when she played in London ten years ago. It was the last gift of her husband, a few days before he died. I have heard her call him with that same peculiar whistle she gave just now, and the dog would come though a hundred men barred his way."

Arrived at the door Annette gave the bell a pull. The answer being tardy, Helen Varcla herself wrenched at the knob, occasioning those impatient sounds heard by Zabeth and the Voodoo just after the latter had consigned Victor Bramont to the secret pit beneath the room where she carried on her orgies of mystery.

Let us make a note, here, that the actress and the Voodoo had never met in any arrangement transpiring between them since the sojourn of the former in Paris—whatever business there was being transacted by deputy, and that deputy was the faithful Zabeth. Now, when they gazed full at each other, and in the silence which followed the speech of Helen Varcla at the close of Chapter XI, the latter seemed struck by some strange and thrilling likeness which she beheld in the brown features of the reputed sorceress.

The staring eyes of the Voodoo glistened like stars, and her whole frame quivered with a momentary excitement. Recovering her calm, weirdly bearing, she stalked forward, dropped her death-head and grasped both of Helen Varcla's hands.

"Now I know," she said, so low that none but the actress could hear her, "how you could safely pass Belial. I was told that Helen Varcla had lost a child, which no one but Victor Bramont could find for her; also that you suspected Franz Edouin to be that child. Had I seen your face before, I could have undeceived you, notwithstanding you received a taunting letter from Victor Bramont, telling you that he intended to rear the child in man's garb and to the vocation of a man. His was an absurd and impracticable threat, though you, picking eagerly every hope—the hope strengthened when you beheld Franz Edouin's womanish face—believed him. I can tell you that Franz Edouin is a true and famous man, and not your child, because your child was a girl. Had I known, also, that the actress could hear her, 'how you could safely pass Belial. I was told that Helen Varcla had lost a child, which no one but Victor Bramont could find for her; also that you suspected Franz Edouin to be that child. 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aroused and angered by his loud raving, hissed, rattled and squirmed in anticipation of battle with the desperate man.

"Diablo! Help! Murderer! Voodoo!—help, or I perish! If I die, a secret dies with me, help!"

A glare of light suddenly flashed upon him, illuminating and showing the miserable nature of his surroundings. Near the ceiling, and on all four sides, extended a continuous cage of finely woven wire. In this cage were confined the serpents whose hissing, gliding and rattling struck terror to the heart of the captive. The floor of the cell was of cemented flags. On three sides were massive and impenetrable walls; on the fourth side, a smothered wall of stone, and at this window stood Xlmo, the Voodoo, who had flashed forward the lamp. In a single second, when discovering that he was safe from the fangs of the serpents, Victor Bramont recovered his usual spirit of dare-devil boldness.

"He! you witch! You thought to scare my life out! What next, Catherine Plaque?—which ever you are, *Sacre!* Release me!"

"It is not likely, Victor Bramont—who once assumed the name of Saul Secor—that I shall give you another chance to stab me. The thanks I received, when I agreed to assist you in the abduction of Selissa Gordon's child, was a knife-thrust aimed at my heart. As you fled from the deed of blood, I promised that I would not die, but would live to kill you, Victor Bramont."

"Diablo! Then you mean to kill me, after saying that I was not your prisoner!"

"Catherine Plaque!" exclaimed Helen Varcla, stepping to the window and grasping the Voodoo roughly by the arm. "Woman! do I hear that you aided Victor Bramont to rob me of my child? What chance do you, to be the victim of such base treachery?"

"Diablo!" muttered Bramont. "I am right, Helen Varcla is Selissa Gordon."

"Speak not of the past, but of the present," said the Voodoo, quickly, and freeing her arm from the gripe of the actress.

"Scoundrel Bramont!" cried Franz Edouin, showing himself, "these women have business with you. Have it over briefly. Then you will settle an account with me."

"Diablo!" exclaimed Bramont, in his heart, while he eyed the young man in a puzzled way; "this is Franz Edouin, the French detective, whom I once met abroad, and who looked to me the image of Dorian Ray at the time when Ray, crazy over the death of his wife, was confined in the private asylum." And aloud, he snapped: "With you! An account with you! *Sacre!* Another foe! And what have I done to you?"

"You are the wretch who persecutes the woman pledged to be my bride. I have sworn that you or I must die!"

"Oho, my merry fellow! If I am to have a fair show, I shall soon be rid of you—be sure of that. If you are the thief of the beautiful Osalind Ray, make up your mind that she is mine, pledged to me seventeen years ago—"

"Rascal! Let me enter his cell!"

But the Voodoo held him back, while she thought:

"A mystery here; for I know that Dorian Ray did not have a daughter so long ago as seventeen years."

CHAPTER XIII.
A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

It did not occur to Helen Varcla that the declaration of Victor Bramont contained anything remarkable. Her mind being preoccupied with a hungry longing to discover, from him, the whereabouts of her own child, it did not strike and impress her, as it did the Voodoo, that Dorian Ray could not possibly have had a daughter as long ago as seventeen years prior to this night, although she, as well as Xlmo, might have recollected the date, and that Dorian Ray, helplessly insane, was confined in a private asylum at that time. She only meditated:

"I have never before met the man who tried to strangle me because I witnessed his tampering with the medicine of Gertrude Ray; who robbed me of my child; who stabbed the nurse in treacherous payment of her own treachery in aiding him to abduct the actress, grasping the blood-blot with indignation. Xlmo held him firmly—though all his strength could not have unjointed the stoutly-riven bars—and would have expostulated with him, when the actress sternly addressed Victor Bramont:

"Tell me, wretch, where is my child, and where he should tell me where to find my long-lost daughter, or every snake in yonder slimy cage shall be let loose upon him."

Franz Edouin had gripped one of the bars at the narrow window as if he would wrench it out and get at the imprisoned villain whose speech made the blood boil with indignation. Xlmo held him firmly—though all his strength could not have unjointed the stoutly-riven bars—and would have expostulated with him, when the actress sternly addressed Victor Bramont:

"Tell me, wretch, where is my child, and where he should tell me where to find my long-lost daughter, or every snake in yonder slimy cage shall be let loose upon him."

"Nothing of the sort," continued the actress. "But that you know where she is, I am convinced, and never will you come out there alive, until my questions are answered and answered truly."

"Very right," passed in the brain of Victor Bramont; "I do know where she is, and no one else can tell. But he spoke no word aloud."

"Victor Bramont!" cried the actress, grasping the iron bars and glaring angrily through the window, "twenty-one years ago Dorian Ray, and Gertrude, his wife, had a boy child—"

"Diablo! I know that. I know, also, that you really loved Dorian Ray yourself, and afterward hated him because he married this Gertrude."

"No matter!" she interrupted, suppressing the fiery passion which arose within her at remembrance of the time when, twenty-two years before, Dorian Ray had rejected her unceremoniously of love. "No matter! You, vile wretch, were as deeply enamored of Gertrude as I was wild to possess Dorian Ray."

"Diablo! that is true."

"You vowed that she should never live as another man's wife. You educated the deadly hate you bore both man and wife, and wormed yourself into an intimacy with Dorian Ray—"

"Diablo! yes; and so did you in the same manner, for you won the confidence of his wife, while you hated her immensely. We were a pair, eh?" snarled Bramont, folding his arms and scowling upon the actress.

"Most gracious Heaven!" murmured Franz Edouin to himself. "I feel that I am now to learn the grand, and mayhap, terrible secret which has blighted the lives of Dorian Ray and my beloved Osalind."

"But I was not the guilty serpent you were," resumed Helen Varcla, her brilliant eyes glancing with fury and scorn upon her enemy. "When Dorian Ray was lost to me—although I intensely hated him and all that was his from that moment—I would at least have let him live in peace, and rather felt a pride that I did not betray the gall in my wounded heart. You, despicable schemer, made Gertrude believe that you had buried your passion for her, and by toadying to Dorian Ray you succeeded in becoming an inmate of his household. In this way, you tempted Dorian Ray, and finally led to the commission of a breach of trust which necessitated his flight from the country. When you had removed him from your path, by means of most diabolical treachery, you made proposals to his wife, which she, as a true woman, scorned and severely resented. When delivered of her child, and while sick almost to death, I saw you deliberately poison her; for I was then, by chance, in the house, and caught you in the very act."

"She is trying to draw me into a confession before these witnesses," he muttered, in his mind, glancing covertly at the Voodoo and the detective. "Diablo! go on, Helen Varcla!" the last aloud.

"I pursued you through the garden, to catch you and have you hang for the perpetration of such a dastardly deed, for you did when you saw that I had detected you. You tried to strangle me in the garden. Had these arms of mine possessed the muscle then that they do now—barring her large, tough and sinewy arm and shaking a tight-clenched fist at him—"It would have been you—not me—left insensible

on the grass! Dorian Ray, returning too late even for his wife's funeral, became a veritable madman with grief, and had to be placed in an insane asylum. His son, who bore the birthmark of a red crescent in the palm of his right hand—was placed, by proper persons, in the Orphan Asylum at Chichester."

The actress was interrupted, and all were startled, by a quick cry more like the shriek of some infuriated animal, or every block of stone will startle eyes, panting breath, and whole frame quivering with a terrible excitement, tugged and wrung savagely at the bars, straining every nerve until red in the face, while he gasped and shouted, hoarse and choked:

"Let me in there! Find me an opening! I tell you I shall go mad!"

"Foolish young man!" exclaimed the Voodoo, sternly, and no longer able to keep him back from the bars. "You cannot get into that cell, for it has no entrance down here. I must remind you that you, too, are a captive in this house, and if you seek to harm Victor Bramont—who is the exclusive prisoner of Helen Varcla—I may promise you that you will fare badly at other hands than his. Peace, I say!"

"I must have my grip on the throat of yonder villain!" cried Franz Edouin, maintaining his fierce but futile assault upon the bars. "There is a great mystery in what I have heard. I bear the scar of a red crescent in the palm of my right hand! I was released from the Orphan Asylum at Chichester four years ago! This man must be the murderer of my mother, and Dorian Ray must be my father! I have been near marrying the daughter of my father, who is my sister or half-sister, and so commit a crime which all the mercy of God will not excuse! Let me get at this man and compel him to speak!—for he alone may be able to clear up the tangle of what I fear. If my discoveries forbid me, by the laws of Heaven, to wed with my adored Osalind, then will I tear the very vitals from your carcass—scoundrel Bramont! You shall speak, I say, if I have to prod your tongue with red-hot forks! Open a way for me, Voodoo! open!—or every block of stone will dig out with these nails of mine! Devil Bramont! murderer of my mother! I will reach you presently!" and he wrenched and fought at the bars like a man possessed by a hundred avenging rages.

Bramont, startled and, for a moment, in fear of his life, maintained an exterior of dogged coolness, though he exclaimed, behind his teeth:

"Diablo! then I was correct in my suspicion. Here is the son of the woman I poisoned, and who, by that unlucky speech of the actress, has discovered himself to be the son of Dorian Ray. At this rate, the whole secret will come out, unhelped by me. *Sacre!* Then these foes of mine, having no further use for me, will leave me to die of snake-bites, or strangle me, or dispose of me in some other horrible manner. My life must be saved. I must run risks of catching them all by the hip some other time. Let me devise means to escape from them, and once free, we shall start another battle at cunning. Yes—diablo!—my life first. I will speak to them."

And aloud he snarled:

"Hollo, there! Voodoo! actress! Grapple with that madman! I will tell you what you ask, but upon one condition."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 441.)

GOING HOME.

BY ETHEL.

Yes! I'm getting old and feeble;
My hair is silvery white.
And my step is slow and faltering,
For my eyes are full of sight.
Down life's hill I'm slowly going;
Soon I'll cross the deep, dark stream
Over which the angels beckon
Beckon still, as in a dream!

Way beyond the silent river—
There, the dear ones gone before,
Ever linger, till my coming,
Close beside the outer door—
Waiting there to guide me over
Crystal streams and streets of gold—
Waiting to teach me the way to heaven,
And all mystery to unfold.

I am longing for the message
That will bid me haste away;
For, though earth is fair and joyous,
I've no wish to longer stay.
For my darling's gone before me,
And I'm lonely here to-night
As I sit and paint the future
In the fast darkening twilight.

Oh! the blessed promised future!
Sorrow never, never comes!
There the soul, in joy forever,
Through the heavenly city rooms;
There we'll see and know each other;
There will be no parting there—
Far beyond the still, dark river;
Up above the "Golden Stair."

Elegant Egbert;

OR,

THE GLOVED HAND.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JAMES VESEY, DETECTIVE.

THE foregoing caption appeared on the doorstep of a certain hallway, on a business street in New Orleans, and again on a door in the second story of the building.

It was read with mingled feelings of hope and misgiving by three persons, who, having read it, entered the room.

Within they found a very small boy seated on a high chair, who motioned them to seats with a wave of his hand, and told them that Mr. Vesey was busy at present, but would give them audience shortly.

In an inner room stood a man of perhaps thirty, before a contrivance in the wall by which he could look into the outer office, without himself being seen.

He seemed very much struck by the beauty of the two ladies who had called upon him. One piercing glance at the gentleman escorting them satisfied him in that direction, and he returned to the congenial occupation of contrasting the rival types of feminine loveliness—a pure blonde and a glowing brunette.

After an interval of perhaps ten minutes he seated himself at a desk and struck a bell.

The small boy jumped down off the stool, opened the door of communication, and waited for the ladies and their escort to enter.

Mr. Vesey was busy folding a sheet of legal-cap paper. As he slipped it into a pigeon-hole in his desk, he rose and received his visitors with marked courtesy.

While Sibyl Stanhope told her story Mr. Vesey listened mutely, taking notes.

"That, sir," said the lady, in conclusion, "is the narrative. I have suppressed the names, since if you do not undertake the case, it will do you no good to know them. Now, assuming that the man is innocent, is there any chance of establishing the fact before the law?"

M. Bourdoine nodded his head repeatedly in approval of Sibyl's statement of the case, while his face glowed with admiration of his pupil.

Adele gazed at the detective, as if he were the oracle of Egbert's fate.

"Yes."

"The young man whom we assume to have been a possible accomplice—Ah! is he still living?"

"Yes."

"His present occupation?"

"He is a professional gambler."

"Ah! In the city?"

"Do not know where he is."

"Last seen?"

"In Memphis."

"How long since?"

"Three months."

"He might be found somewhere on the river, I reckon."

"I think that he pursues his calling on the boats between St. Louis and New Orleans."

"The messenger boy is still living?"

"Yes."

Sibyl's heart rose in her throat, as she thought how near he had been to death.

"Is he accessible?"

"It is necessary."

"You suspect no one else of complicity in the affair, or of knowledge of it in any way?"

"No."

The detective tapped his desk with his penholder, and thought.

His visitors hung in breathless suspense.

Presently he looked up and fixed his eyes on Sibyl's face.

"Madam," he said, "you must not be too sanguine of success."

"We are not," said Sibyl.

"Nineteen years ago is a very long time."

"I grant it."

"And much of the evidence that might have existed then may now be hopelessly destroyed."

"We have considered that."

"If you are seeking to recover money," pursued the detective, "I should call it the recovery of poor investments. But reputation is another thing. People are not always disposed to limit its value by a fixed sum. However, I feel it my duty to say to you that unless you can afford to throw away hundreds, and perhaps thousands of dollars, without advancing one step toward the attainment of your object, you had better not embark in this undertaking."

"Money is no object to us. We shall not count the cost. All we desire is the knowledge that everything has been done that can be done to accomplish the end."

"After spending ten thousand dollars and a year of time, I warn you, you may stand just where you do to-day."

"Oh! it is as hopeless as that," sighed Adele.

"That is the dark side of the picture," said Sibyl.

"Yes," admitted the detective.

"Now what is there on the affirmative?"

"I overlooked one question. Is the clerk, now a member of the firm, rich?"

"I do not know."

"At any rate, the business must have been a large one, to involve a check of that amount."

"Yes."

"Well, assuming that the clerk had an accomplice or accomplices, they may not have been so successful in a money point of view as he."

"And should he snarl?"

"The law, they might be induced, in consideration of a few hundreds or thousands of dollars, according to their estimate of their own reputation, to turn State's evidence in an arraignment of the clerk for conspiracy."

"If such a person can be found, you may promise him a hundred thousand dollars!" said Sibyl, flushing with excitement.

The detective smiled and elevated his brows slightly.

"There is one drawback to this course," he said.

"It would look as if we were bribing a scoundrel to perjure himself. As the man attacked is of high reputation, there would have to be strong corroborative evidence to support the oath of our witness, which we may safely assume does not exist."

Sibyl turned pale. Her brief hopes were dashed to the ground.

"This gambler's oath, for instance, unsupported, would count for nothing against that of a respectable business man."

"I am sorry, but I could not induce him to testify in favor of the man he wronged," said Sibyl, unconsciously assuming that Jack was really guilty.

"The chances are, then, one step more removed."

"Is there no other course?"

"One."

"And that is?"

"This quondam clerk might be watched. It is among the possibilities that, in his prosperity, he may have been paying 'hush-money' to some one."

"If this person be established together with plausible evidence of the conspiracy, we may make something out of it."

"Mr. Vesey," said Sibyl, "begin the surveillance you suggest to-day!"

The question of remuneration was then dispatched, and when Mr. James Vesey bowed his patrons out of a door other than that by which they had entered (an innocent business trick by which the detective was enabled to be always "busy" when called upon) he was radiant with affability, and the first step had been taken toward establishing Egbert Stanhope's innocence of crime.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

M. BOURDOINE TAKES THE DETECTIVE FEVER.

DETECTIVE VESEY at once entered upon the task of "piping" Paul Harney. He found that he lived in grand style and supported an extravagant family.

He had no difficulty in gaining an opportunity to study the man himself. He noted the furtive glances of the eye, the haggard look of one whose rest was broken, and a predisposition to nervous trepidation which might mark one who was a prey to corroding care.

Having struck up an acquaintance with the broker's clerk, Vesey learned that Mr. Harney had been calling of late, Early in December—in fact, beginning on the first or second of the month—a spell of indisposition had confined him to his house for a week or ten days, and he had not seemed right well since.

Next James Vesey had a spy in the very citadel, and could look into the man's private life. From this source he learned that the cotton-broker not infrequently occupied his library until far into the night, when an ear at the key-hole might hear him pacing incessantly up and down, muttering to himself and moaning as if in great distress.

Lastly, the detective had Paul Harney under personal surveillance, from the time he left his palatial home in the morning until he had returned to it for the night.

For six weeks he discovered absolutely nothing.

The suspense told upon Sibyl, in an unwonted pallor of the cheek and, when she was not dissembling lightness of spirits in Egbert's presence, in an air of waiting, ever waiting.

Putting her own trouble aside, Adele devoted herself to the task of cheering the sorely-tried wife.

M. Bourdoine was extravagant in his impatience, called the detective and his assistants dullards, and finally worked himself up to such a pitch, between his anxiety for his pupil and his own impatience, that he set himself to watch Paul Harney.

"Sibyl," said her husband, when one day she returned to him with an unusual depression of spirits, "give up this vain pursuit."

"Why, we have but just begun, dear," she replied, smiling with an effort.

"But you are being worn out by anxiety."

"My husband," replied the loyal wife, "when you have suffered twenty years, can I not watch one?"

"But the longer you cling to hope, the more bitter will be the inevitable disappointment."

"We are not prepared to concede that disappointment is inevitable, you know."

"My darling, I cannot have your health undermined. Let us go away from here, where your anxiety will not be so constantly on the strain. The detectives can work just as well without our immediate presence."

"Not yet, Egbert. Let me have my own way yet a little longer, my over-solicitous friend!" urged Sibyl, with an assumption of lightness that was pathetic, it was so veined with sadness.

The next day she had her reward.

M. Bourdoine rushed into her presence as wild with excitement as if he had just discovered a gold mine.

"*Ah! grace a ciel!* (heaven be praised!)" he cried, catching her hands and kissing them.

"ze eye of love shall discern in ze darkness—ze impurity of love shall prevail against ze destiny implacable! My pupil, I salute your hand! Monsieur," turning to Egbert, "I embrace you vis ze congratulation heartfelt!"

Sibyl and Adele instantly took the infection of excitement. Even Egbert could not prevent the color from receding from his face.

"Oh, what is it, dear friend?" asked Adele.

"I am just from ze prince of detective, M. Vesey!"

"Yes! yes! And what has he discovered?"

"A woman!"

M. Bourdoine laughed at their puzzled looks.

"*Eh bien!* is not ze woman at ze bottom of all mischief?" he cried.

"Yes; but what of this woman?" asked Adele, willing to concede the argument in general, if only she could get at the facts in particular.

M. Bourdoine assumed his most melodramatic air.

"Conceive ze situation!" he said. "M. Craig goes out to—"

"Yes," interrupted Adele, "he went the day before yesterday, on a vacation of two weeks."

"Good! Ze arch-conspirator is alone in his private office—alone vis ze conscience troublesome. He paces to and fro. He frowns. He pulls his mustaches."

"*Ah! ze doot!*—yes. But behold! around ze corner she have just stepped from a carriage."

"She is not meanly dressed? ze beggar ride note in ze carriage."

"*Eh bien!* she is ze fashion-plate embodiment."

"Beautiful!"

"*Parbleu!* how shall vone know? Ze veil envious hide her face like ze mask. *Allons! nous avons un mystere!* (Come, here is a mystery!)"

"And the woman entered the office?" asked Adele, fretting at M. Bourdoine's dramatic narrative.

"Enters, and is closeted, five—ten—fifteen—twenty minute vis ze arch-conspirator!"

M. Bourdoine paused to let this announcement have its full effect.

"Well!" urged Adele.

"*Ah! ze doot!* ze detective gets ze carriage and stations eet at a little distance. Zen he lie in wait."

"Ze woman comes forth!"

"*Voila!* her step is a stride, her carriage is erect, like vone who is elated. She pass near ze detective. She pant, like vone who have triumph. She is flushed. Her eyes sparkle through her veil."

"She enter her carriage. Ze detective enter his."

"Keep zat carriage in sight," is his order.

"Monsieur, eet shall be done," replies ze driver.

"*Ah! ze doot!* ze detective change his disguise."

"Ze carriage stop. Madame has entered a bank! *Eh bien!* has she a deposit to make?"

Again M. Bourdoine paused.

"Go on, an!" urged Adele, "what is vone doing?"

"Ze detective enters ze bank. Vile madame deposit five hundred dollar—attend!—*five hundred dollar!*—he get change for five dollars and pass out."

"Once more he follow her to her place of abode!"

"All this may be consistent with the lady's innocence of blackmail, which seems to be your inference," observed Egbert.

"Hold vone moment! Ze detective goes back. Behold M. Harney appear livid vis ze pallor of ze ghost. His knees tremble. He have ze aspect of terror. He enter ze carriage vich ze messenger boy have summoned, and drive home two hour before his usual time!"

"*Allons, mon ami! quel est ce que c'est que cela?* Come, my friend, what is the significance of all it done before me?"

"My dear," said Egbert, taking his trembling wife in his arms, "do not build too much hope upon this. It is most likely delusive."

She made no reply. She only rested in his arms, with her face hidden in his breast.

For a week detective Vesey "piped" Paul Harney's lady visitor. The information gained may be condensed in the following:

SUMMARY:

1. Name—Mdm. Angelice.

2. Nativity—French.

3. Style of living—Good to elegant.

4. Means of support—None visible.

M. Bourdoine's detective fever left him no rest, though he must be confessed that his methods lacked system. If he had accomplished results commensurate with the zeal and energy displayed, he would have left nothing for the professional detective.

On the evening of the day one week subsequent to the strange incident, Paul Harney, the Frenchman, was hurrying through the streets when a woman dressed in dark gray waterproof cloak came down a cross street and passed quickly

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BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
28 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

WITH this number closes the very interesting and valuable series of "Typical Women"—which have been a very pleasant feature of the paper for many weeks. Another series, we are pleased to state, will ere long be given, from Dr. Legrand's pen, of characters noted in history and literature—thus admirably sustaining the interest excited in this department of the paper.

In Mr. Aiken's "Winning Or"—started in this number—readers have a most *seasonable* romance. It is sure to enlist the attention of Collegians generally, since the "Winning Or" is a "Harvard Boy" of the best stamp; but, as it is also a powerful LOVE ROMANCE, its two-fold elements of interest, well wrought into a plot of more than ordinary power and mystery, will command for it unusual attention.

STRONG and Sterling serials, from the ever popular pens of Joseph E. Badger, Jr., and Oli Coomes, are soon to be given. They are in their authors' best style and favorite fields of Wild Western and South-western life—in which the SATURDAY JOURNAL stands pre-eminent among popular weeklies. No paper presumes to vie with it in that field.

A NEW story, by Corinne Cushman, is already in hand and soon to follow. It is, like her other serials, a LOVE STORY—a romance of Two Girls' Fates, written with that power and feeling that have made Corinne Cushman's name a great favorite with a very large class of people, old and young.

Sunshine Papers.

Eligibilities.

SADIE is twenty-one and not married. So dreadful! Such an age! Just think of it! Twenty-one years old, and for three years she has been looking out for a husband, with all the aid that her anxious mamma could give her; but, notwithstanding the combined efforts of two determined and eager women, no male creature has yet been found to unite his destiny with that of Sadie. But the young woman's lack of success has not resulted from utter want of admirers; being bright, and pretty, and not at all at a loss to make the most of her advantages, Sadie is considerable of a favorite with gentlemen. None of the masculines, however, who have indulged in admiration of her, have been eligible as marital partners; and though Miss Sadie has condescended to smile upon them, she has taken good care that they should not presume further upon her acquaintance than to aspire to the winning of one of those same smiles. No indeed! Miss Sadie is a well-brought-up young woman, and from her childhood has known what style of persons are eligibilities, matrimonially considered.

Therefore, Miss Sadie's husband—if she ever gets one—must be of a good figure, rather than of a good heart; the height of his stature will be taken more into consideration than the height of his intellect; it will be far more important that he know how to bow gracefully, enter a room artistically, and wait divinely, than that he know how to labor skillfully, hold his place among intelligent thinkers, and aspire to help on the best good of humanity; if he can frame his avowal of love in the most polished and courteous sentences, can seal it with a circle of precious stones, and can lead Miss Sadie to the altar before a crowd of fashionable friends, that just such words have been spoken again and again to women who have never realized their promises, that just such jewels have paid the price of feminine dishonor and masculine indulgence, and that all those friends know his *visions* and occasional drunken debauches, will be generously overlooked; if his name is connected with fame, or aristocratic ancestry, or a big bank account, it matters not how sullied it may be by dishonorable acts, infidel avowals and immoral excesses, it is quite an eligible one for Miss Sadie to take.

Eligibility, with Miss Sadie, and with Miss Sadie's mother, and with scores of young women of Miss Sadie's stamp, and scores of mothers like Miss Sadie's maternal progenitor, is not a synonym for honesty, sobriety, industry, morality, intellectuality, all that goes to make a man of worth, a man of clear head, clean hands and pure heart. It does not mean—this word eligibility—to many women, to far too many women, that a man is full of honest purpose to do right, high ambition to accomplish some good, desperate resolve to live an honorable and independent life, however cramped may be its circumstances and stern its economy; that physically and morally he has kept himself free from contact with sin; that he possesses a heart, all of intense and honest love, offers them a life that has not been shared with others, pours upon them carresses the like of

which no other woman has ever known from him, speaks to them words he has never spoken before; it does not mean that he holds that a man should be as good and honest as the woman he asks to be his wife; it does not signify that she who shares his name and fortune should be his friend, companion, helpmeet and equal, instead of a servant, a slave, a plaything, and an inferior.

Shame on the mothers who look for "eligibilities" for their daughters rather than for the honest husband—poor, perhaps, but loving, reverencing, and eager to work for the sake of the girl who is willing to bless and brighten his life by associating her own with it.

No man's good looks, graceful manners, nor large fortune can atone to a woman with a soul, for lack of honorable manhood and loyal, devoted love. It may seem well for girls to marry for home, position, or money, but there will surely come a time, in each one's life, when she would give every comfort she possesses to waste the all of her passion upon a man worthy of it, capable of understanding it, and ardent to return it. There is enough misery in poverty, God knows, but there is infinitely more joy in sharing earth's bitterest trials with one loyal heart, than enjoying all of life's luxuries from the hand of any man who is not dearer to the woman to whom he gives them than all else that the world holds. And if a young woman cannot exist, and be happy, without marriage, she had better choose an honest, loving husband and starvation, than wait for an eligibility whom she must tutor her heart to accept for the sake of his money—which covers a multitude of sins.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE USES OF A BRIGHT FACE.

I AM a sincere advocate for cheerfulness, and I have great faith in the "merry heart that doeth good like a medicine"; and my confidence in the proverb—"A blithe heart makes a blooming face," is of an "unshakable" kind. If our physicians did but know the effect their countenances have on their patients, I think they would banish their gloomy looks and change them for bright and cheerful expressions; they might sell less pills and potions, but they would certainly thus aid to restore their patients to health, and a good medical man always desires that. It is only the medical humbugs or scamps who keep a patient sick merely to get more pay.

Not long ago I had the delightful feeling of being "out of sorts" with myself and the rest of humanity, and went moaning and moping about the house until the family and neighbors grew quite worried about me. Some thought I was either plotting out a soul-harrowing serial, or taken with a fit of writing poetry, or forming the idea of going lecturing, or studying for the stage, or of being "crazed in love," or of having had an essay declined. Not one guessed that I was pining for a real camel-hair shawl! If they had, they would have been the poorest guessers in Christendom, for such was not the case. I scarcely ever strive to reach the unattainable, unless ideas come under that head.

Our own M. D. was away, so we called in the one residing in the next town. He made me shiver just to look at him. He seemed as though he looked on life as a dark valley, and his conversation was impregnated with dire forebodings of the great amount of sickness there was about, the symptoms of all diseases, the ailments of his patients, accompanied with the remark that "most sick people bring their illness upon themselves and deserve to suffer." He interpreted his speeches with many a dismal moan, and you might as soon think of boiling water with unmelted ice as to find one ray of cheerfulness in his face or conversation. I was glad when he departed, and the pills he left me I consigned to the stove. I knew they were bitter if he compounded them, and I felt bitter enough without the addition of any of his pills.

The next day our own physician returned, and I was so glad to see him! He looked so pleasant, acted so cheerfully, and was so full of good spirits, without being boisterous, that it did me good only to look at him, and I felt better for his presence. He didn't depress me in my gloom, but he did enliven me with humorous accounts of his adventures. He told me how he had such implicit faith and trust in his horse guiding him aright that, in his long and lonely midnight rides, he would fain indulge in a slight nap and trust to old Jerry, and how he felt that confidence was misplaced or basely taken advantage of when upon one cold and wintry night he found himself heels-over-head in a snow-drift, and spoiling one of his pet dreams. Maybe the horse had gone to sleep too. Then he told me how he was explaining, or striving to explain, the mystery of a house, reported to be haunted, to a friend as they were standing near it. The doctor was boasting of his courage, and laughed at the timidity of those who had been scared away from the premises by supposed ghosts. He wasn't afraid. Not one bit of it! but he was surprised to see something dart from the haunted spot and jump upon him. Down on his knees went the doctor; whether he intended to pray or had slipped over a stone, or the ice (I was slippery that July night he hadn't made up his mind. Of course he wasn't frightened at the raid of some strange cat. He so laughed at his own adventures and misadventures that the laughter was quite contagious and that effected my cure. I didn't want physic, but I did want cheerfulness.

Is it not so with many of you? Do you not think you would be better if there were more cheerfulness about you, and don't you believe that we would recover sooner from our spleen if our physicians saw how much we needed bright faces about us and lively conversation? I do, and I don't think many of our doctors ought to be so glum and let us wallow in darkness when we so crave the sunshine. So my dear, good M. D. give us less medicine and more cheerfulness!

EVIE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Washingtonian Relics.

SEEING that Congress has recently purchased a batch of relics of a gentleman named Washington, well known to all pure lovers of what they call Truth, I am led to announce that I have a collection of such which have been accumulating in the family for several generations; how, I do not know, though some people who had them sometimes missed them.

I propose to offer these to Congress, and if she has \$120,000 she can have them and no questions asked. This is cheaper than you could buy similar things in a dollar store. I will warrant every article to be just what it is

and nothing more, and if anything can be proven to be false I will acknowledge the fact with great alacrity.

The catalogue consists in part of the following things, viz., to wit, namely, etc.:

One highly antique dismounted boot-jack (for courtesy) with which the general used to peel his boots off invariably every night before retiring, and when the heel happened to slip from it and take him on the other shin, and he would dance a hornpipe around on the safe leg, it is said he never used bad words for salve, nor accused his wife with any complicity in the affair.

One large mirror in which Washington used to see himself. If you don't believe it you can look into it yourself and see if he didn't. Do you suppose he could stand himself over in the corner and then go across the room and look at himself any more than you could, even ten years ago?

An ax with which he used to split kindling wood, very dull and large enough to be the father of the celebrated little hatchet, so renowned in his-story. It is said that when a stick would fly up and take him on the nose he never flung the ax against the side of the wood-shed and indulged in General Butlerisms to any extent.

One waiter; this is not the colored waiter, for you have no doubt seen that he has received against lately, and gone again to the bosom of his fathers.

One pair of suspenders, knit, and as sustaining as the Constitution of the United States. This is a relic which binds the past to the present, and is strong enough to do so forever.

A footstool with the print of his foot upon it, made just after he came in out of the rain. It is in large print, and he was the largest man in the country.

One tooth-brush, a little large for its age, but looking like it had seen a good deal of government service, and had been in many a stirring brush with the enemy which it cleaned out effectually.

Washington's first jeans coat, with holes where the elbows used to be, and every button carefully removed, the pockets containing three nails; one buckle; one bradawl; one old key; one piece of chalk; one Barlow knife, without blades; one bullet; six small iron rings; four pieces of blue glass; and other evidences of boyhood.

One farewell address. There have been a good many extant but this is the only true one, and the only one he ever gave.

A piece of the log on which Washington crossed the Delaware on that memorable occasion.

Washington's plate—the first plate he ever had; a tin one, with the letters of the alphabet around it. On this plate he used to eat the product of the B's, fish from the C's with the greatest P's, and Limburger G's, minding his T's, getting slapped by his father and learning his O's, scooping up the P's, flipping his K's, taking his T without paying a V; slashing green cucumbers which are warranted to W up without knowing Y; though it is easy to Z (Mercy, give me a little air!)

One monkey-wrench. It is supposed that with this he wrenched this country from the grasp of Great Britain, but I hardly give credence to the story; this, however, does not make it less valuable.

A piece of the chain which he used when his title was Sir Veyor Washington, and which he broke before he began to break the chains that bound us to our mother country stronger than common apron-strings.

A hand-sled with which he used to go down hill before he learned so well to go up hill in life. This is what injured him to snow and cold victuals, for with it he stayed out all day in winter, although he knew well enough that at home there was a warm welcome awaiting him. He thought the welcome, however, was a little too warm, and did not think that his back was a bit cold.

I have also the first cigar he ever smoked up. It is complete, and just as it was in the original. He leaned over the fence when he finished it, and didn't seem to know that it was loaded, and it is no wonder that when anybody afterward ever offered him a cigar he got mad. He said there was no fun in it, that he was able to see; and a good-sized emetic answered the same purpose as far as he could see from where he stood.

One dismantled jewsharp, with which he used to sit out on the fence and blow music through. The old tunes still linger around it—"The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Old Daniel Tucker," "The Last Sum of Roses," "Wop goes the Peasal," and various sentimental melodies.

Here is also the cup which he used when he was a boy. I know that it is genuine, for there you can see the print of his lips.

There is also the razor with which he used to shave himself at twenty per cent. discount once a week, after a few lectures from his complaining wife. I tried once to shave with it, and it pulled so that I had serious notions of hitching it up to the farm wagon to see if it would not pull that without any difficulty.

One trundle-bed, which he used to hate to be pulled out so early in the mornings, and get into so early at nights. This bed is full of old recollections, but not a bug to speak of.

Here is his field-glass—it is not a tumbler, for he never drank water out of a glass because it had a bad name. With this glass he used to bring the British so close that he could easily rout them, or, if they outnumbered his forces and he was in danger, he turned the little end toward them and sent them far enough away.

I have also the first rhymes that Washington ever wrote, although they say he never drifted on the poetical tide. It is in an old spelling-book, and reads:

"If you want to know the owner, my friend,
Look on page a hundred and ten."
"GEOGE WASHINGTON."

The catalogue is very large and valuable, and sufficient to start a museum on a grand scale. Congressmen need apply—no references.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

OF the SATURDAY JOURNAL, the Jonesboro (Tenn.) Times has to say:

"The New York SATURDAY JOURNAL, a home weekly, is decidedly one of the best and most instructive and entertaining literary papers that we have on our exchange list. It is a large, illustrated, eight-page paper, and is filled to repletion with choice reading matter—such as is just suited for the home circle."

"Just suited for the home circle." When a paper is that, it is many books in one—many friends in one—preacher, doctor, traveler, story-teller, poet and humorist—just what is our idea of a good paper. We shall aim to make it the ever-welcome guest to every well-ordered home.

Topics of the Time.

In the Royal Library, at Paris, is a Chinese chart made 600 B. C., on which 1,400 stars are correctly located. There is also a map of China made 1000 B. C.

Washington's will is kept in a glass case in the office of the clerk of Fairfax county, Va. The writing has almost all faded away and the paper is so frail that it will not bear handling.

A Biblical curiosity in the English section at the Paris Exhibition, which attracts crowds, is the model of the Tabernacle as it rested during the wandering of the Israelites in the desert; the exterior and interior of the Tabernacle is faithfully constructed according to the details given in the Old Testament.

Will Capt. Bogardus beat Dr. Carver shooting? Whether he does or not, the Doctor has another antagonist after him. A late Cheyenne paper, speaking of Buffalo Bill, says: "During the fall, he says, he will send a challenge to Dr. Carver, the shootist, believing he can get away with his baggage. Bill will challenge the Doctor to make trials of skill at shooting, on horseback, and going at full speed."

Cooking by means of solar rays has been tried successfully at Bombay, and an apparatus has been contrived to cook chops and steaks in the open air, as well and expeditiously as over an ordinary fire. The apparatus consists of a copper vessel, timed inside and painted black outside, with a glass cover enveloping the vessel with an inch of hot air, and fixed onto the bottom of a conical reflector lined with common white sheet glass. If properly covered over it will retain the heat for full three hours and a half.

A careful collaborator of statistics of crime gives us some very suggestive information. He ascertains that the number of convicts is now twice as great as 1871, the relative figures being 31,000 and 16,000. The greatest increase is in Georgia, Tennessee, and several Western States. The number of persons in prisons as convicts, or awaiting trial, is 60,000, of whom less than 100,000 are women. About 10,000 of the whole number are in New York and 4,300 in Massachusetts, where the proportion of prisoners to population is greater than in any other part of the country.

Few people would think that there are seven wrong ways of washing the face, and but one right. Dr. Wilson's directions are: "Fill your basin about two-thirds full with fresh water; dip your face in the water, and then your hands. Soap the hands well, and pass the soaped hands with gentle friction over the whole face. Having performed this part of the operation thoroughly, dip the face in the water a second time, and rinse it completely; you may add very much to the luxury of the latter part of the operation by having a second basin ready with fresh water to perform a final rinse."

Each inhabitant in the United States pays \$2.00 for the support of the public schools and \$1.30 for military purposes. These two items of expenditure in other countries of the world are as follows: Prussia, 51 cents and \$2.20; Austria, 34 cents and \$1.31; France, 29 cents and \$4.50; Italy, 18 cents and \$1.57; England and Wales, 16 cents and \$3.87; Switzerland, 88 cents and \$1.90. A writer in the *Revue Pédagogique* (Paris), who has visited California, gives these figures and then asks the question: "If those scourges of society, antagonism and envy, are far from assuaging in California the force that they have in the States of Europe, is it not to be attributed to a great part to the effect of her public schools?"

Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, during some twenty years, measured the breadth and height, and also tested the strength of both arms and loins, of the students in the university—a very numerous class, and of various nationalities, and he found that the average of the arms, chest and shoulders, and strength of arms and loins, the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them the French; very much higher the English; the highest of all the Scotch and Scotch-Irish from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years at least one meal a day of good oatmeal porridge. Therefore eat oatmeal at least once a day. The great Liebig, indeed, declared that oatmeal, next to meat, was the most sustaining food.

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Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Battle-field," "The Way It Ran," "A Hope Fulfilled," "Marcia's Maid," "Won by a Stroke," "Love's Last Song," "Leave Me Not Forever," "The Last of the Bells," "A Killing Game," "The Ride of Roses," "Surely, She Said Yes," "Keepsakes."

Declined: "Dandy Jim's Big Spree," "Old Toes," "The Antelope Race," "Did He Die?" "A Row on the Yellowstone," "Maggie's Best Bed," "A New Genua," "Love or Lucre?" "The Quire's Daughter," "Spending a Dollar," "The Gate to the Land," "Nancy Johnson's Beau," "A Loss on the Sand."

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S. GRAY. You cannot become an actor by studying history. To be an actor demands a genius or special ability for acting and expression. Having this genius your course should be to get a position as subordinate in some respectable theater, and gradually grow up to prominent parts. It is well enough to read history, and to get a glimpse of the drama; but your studies are to be directed in a line of personal training and dramatic art.

GAUDIGER. We have no idea how the "picture-restorer" does his work, but it is a very cheap and simple method, so his prices are simply preposterous. An excellent method to "restore," or bring out freshly, oil-paintings dim or discolored by age, is to brush them free from dust, and then cover with a layer of *shaving-soap* for a few minutes, after which let them be thoroughly dried and soaked in nitro-benzine. Any one can do the work.

GYOSCUTTS. Buffalo Bill's local address is North Platte, Nebraska—where his great cattle ranch is located. He has not abandoned the stage, but is to play in all the Western cities from this date on, as a regular strong dramatic organization, in which two young *ville* Pawnee chiefs and a number of Indians are featured. Mr. Cody's ambition is to present wild Western life, sports, perils and people exactly as they are. He, himself, is a most admirable actor and manager.

CRAS. Y. If a gentleman with ladies attempts to crowd you off your place, he is bound, as a gentleman, to apologize. If you yield your place to the ladies it is a courtesy they should acknowledge. The marking of hands and arms is a practice that had better be avoided. Once the skin is inoculated it is there for a lifetime, no matter how much you may wish it away. Do not permit the tattooing. It is sure, sooner or later, to get on a great part to the effect of her public schools!"

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BY D. CHANNING ROBJE.

Typical Women.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

"You are, Miss Cushman, a *born* actress; your place is not on the operative boards but in the theater; if you will once make the effort to

It was a fitting close to a great career. She attempted the tour of the States, but, early in 1875, was compelled by physical disability to return to her villa at Newport. The succeeding winter she went to Boston and there died, on the morning of February 18th, 1876.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON

Whom Will She Marry?

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER,
AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

claim her hand. And while he had waited, and

fervent words, the woman's heart, which had masked itself under maidenly formality and reserve, waiting to have its depths of tenderness valued and won, revealed itself; and the shy, sweet eyes seemed claiming an answer to their

CHAPTER XXII.

Instead of answering, Miss Hallgarten crossed the room and dropped her hands upon Bethel's graceful shoulders, and said:

OH, SAY NOT SO!

ADDRESSED TO O. J.

BY MARY.

"Oh, restless heart, turn, turn away!
If Love is wanting, turn to clay."

"Oh, restless heart, turn, turn away!
If Love is wanting, turn to clay."
So much of joy we miss;
So much of grief and pain we have,
Oh, poet, spare us this:
Let us be happy, let us be free,
That Love is that which leaves us not.

Love is life. It can't be wanting.
Gift from the hand Divine.
Beautiful flower from Eden's bower,
Meant to be mine and thine.
Doubtless! Look in the blue above;
Read in its depths that "God is Love."

Sweet flowers that grace our woods and vales,
Dear, limpid, laughing rills,
Give faith in universal Love,
Firm as our granite hills.

Aside from creed and rite we look,
And take our faith from Nature's book.
Doubt not the over-ruled Love—
Doubt not; for hearts like thine,
Allied to Nature, never miss
Love, human or Divine.
On earth below, in heaven above,
The ruling power of life is Love!

Kitty's Entanglement.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"You will never make a decent match in the world," said Mrs. Price, who was severely intrenched behind the coffee-urn.

Breakfast was late that morning. Jack had finished his, but remained hunched in the depths of the morning paper, and Mrs. Price was about to ring for the second time when the tardy members of the family made their appearance—two very pretty girls of nearly the same age, one petite, dimpled and rosy, the other tall and fair—respectively Kitty Gordon and Lucille Mayo, niece and youngest sister of Mrs. Price.

It was upon Kitty's willful head that the tide of the matron's indignation was turned. "You flirted outrageously last night, Kitty Gordon. How long do you expect me to put up with such conduct? If I was dependent for the bread I eat, I'd try to be grateful for what was done for me. But, you'll miss your mark, young lady, let me tell you. You'll never make a decent match in the world."

Jack put down his paper and laid a protecting arm across the back of Kitty's chair. "Don't be too sure of that, mother," said he, quietly. "And don't you badger the poor little girl. Kitty has agreed to marry me."

It was a bomb which took Mrs. Price altogether unawares. She might storm as she liked after that; Jack would not care. "But, oh dear! oh dear! there'll be no living in the house with her for a week," confided Kitty to Lucille—who was not, like herself, a permanent fixture in the house—when they were safe in the latter's room. "She won't say much while he is around, but I'll have it all to pay for when he isn't. I don't know what I'll ever do."

"Come with me to help keep house for Mrs. Fawcett," suggested Lucille. "She will be gone a month, and I have promised to take charge for her. Elinor will get over her vexation and be ready to make the best of things by the time we are home again."

"Don't make much difference whether she does or not," muttered Kitty, with a defiant toss of the head; "I shan't mind aunt Elinor's scolding when she can't do any harm by it."

"Any harm?" questioned Miss Mayo, with a look of surprise. "You are sure of Jack, I suppose? Is there anything else the matter?"

They had been three days in Mrs. Fawcett's house before Kitty fairly answered that question. She was fidgeting about the parlor, not standing at the piano fingering the keys, now teasing the parrot which hung head downward from its gilded ring, and at last turning petulantly upon Miss Mayo, who was calmly embroidering moss-roses on silk tapestry and giving very little heed to her restless companion.

"Lucille Mayo, I wonder if you know what trouble is?"

"Why, Kitty! Tell me yours if you are ready."

"You are too provoking," exclaimed Kitty, half-laughing, half-crying. "I'm in a dreadful scrape. I wouldn't let Jack know it for the world, but I'm engaged to another man."

"Engaged? To Kitty Gordon?"

"Now, if you're going to scold," cried Kitty, hysterically, the roses just came up, and she said what becomes of me. You might wait till you hear how it happened before you snap me up like that."

Lucille laid down her work and folded her hands. "Well, well," said she, soothingly; "tell me, dear."

"It was when I was at school," Kitty began her confession. "You don't know what times we had; up to anything for the sake of fun, and—and one night another girl and myself slipped out of a back window and went to a masquerade ball. You may depend upon it we had things gay, but we got caught, going home. It makes me sick only to think of it. The professor found us out and was on the watch for us, and we were marched off to his study, and Mary Foster, the most beautiful girl in the school, I had coaxed her into it, and she got off with a lecture and being kept as a prisoner within the limit of the grounds for a certain length of time, while I was expelled from the school."

"Lucille, I was nearly dead with fright. You can guess what a storm it was, and how I was calling me 'darling Kitty' and telling me that he loved me, and I—I was just desperate, and promised to marry him if he would let me stay. I meant to get out of it before I should leave school, but, somehow, I didn't, and he has been writing to me and means to come and make me fulfill my promise."

"But, Kitty, if you write him the truth, that you don't care for him, he will surely release you."

"I did," explained Kitty, confusedly; "but you see I had told that to my friends, and I was apt to interfere, and he thinks I am being unduly influenced, and says he will rescue me from their tyranny. It was the luckiest chance that Mrs. Fawcett should go away as she did, and I have fixed it that he is to come here and see my aunt. That's your plan, isn't it? You must just tell him anything to send him away, but don't for pity's sake breathe a word that will take him to aunt Elinor or cousin Jack. She would make me marry him out of spite, and Jack would be angry and let me. You will help me out of it, won't you, Lucille?"

And in the end Lucille promised, though not without some misgivings.

"I am to understand that I was simply made the tool of your niece, Miss Mayo; that, having served her turn and purposes, she proposes to discard me without any further ceremony. Pardon me for asking, if that is the case, why she troubled herself to keep up the deceit?"

It came over Lucille Mayo as she stood before him that possibly Kitty had not been quite frank regarding her own share in the tender transaction. This was a very different order of man from the person she had expected to see. Not over thirty, with frank eyes just now holding an angry light, and a striking rather than a handsome face, he was a far remove from the grim old professor! She had mentally pictured, evidently not a man who would be lightly trifled with.

"I cannot take any second-hand assurance regarding a change in her which she herself has given me no reason to think has taken place," declared Professor Steele, when he had listened to the somewhat faltering statement she had to make.

"But," said Miss Mayo, considerably disturbed, "Kitty absolutely refuses to see you. If you can convince her that it is her wish, then more firmly. I must say, sir, I have been led to believe that you took undue advantage of the influence you would naturally have over her and the strait she was in, but as a gentleman you will surely not refuse her the release she implores."

"I took advantage?" began Professor Steele, hotly, but he repressed his anger with a visible effort. "I have been led to believe that some attempt would be made to coerce Kitty into giving me up. I think I can overrule any objections you may entertain to me personally, Miss Mayo. At any rate, my dismissal, if I receive it, must come at her hands."

It seemed to Lucille that there was nothing to be done but to let him have his way. Consequently Professor Steele remained to dinner, and Kitty came fluttering down in her prettiest dress, sweet, smiling and shy, and the evening was not half over before Lucille detected that instead of giving him his quietus, she was flirting desperately with the present lover, while the absent one seemed to have been obliterated from her thoughts. Lucille looked on, indignant and amazed. It was incomprehensible conduct to her, knowing as she did that Kitty's affections were really fixed upon Jack.

"I can't help it," the pretty culprit protested, after the visitor had taken his departure and the two girls were alone for the night. "I tried to tell him how it was, but he had so much to say about his faith in me that I really couldn't. He seems to think that it is a put up job to marry me to Jack, says he won't let it be done, and now it's a thousand times worse than before for he is going to stay at the hotel till everything is settled. He is to come again to-morrow, but I won't see him; he must go away and let me alone."

Yet she was ready to receive him next morning, spreading her shining snares anew. Time went on, but only served to show more clearly the weak inconsistency of the girl's nature. She would cry and be all repentance one hour, only to dry her tears and flirt again if the professor appeared the next. From blaming her severely, Lucille began to pity her, and met him one day with her own resolution formed.

"Professor Steele," said she, "you are letting Kitty do both herself and you the greatest injustice. She is engaged to her cousin and loves him. I do believe, but she is a born coquette and cannot resist the temptation to flirt though it should destroy her own happiness. I know you don't like me because you fancy my opposed my young man, but I must try to show you the truth. You may possibly do her the injustice of breaking off her match with Jack; you may even induce her to marry you, but I would never pity either of you."

"Which of us do you pity now?" asked Professor Steele, with a half-smile quivering about his mouth.

"Kitty doesn't deserve it of me," continued Lucille, without noticing his interruption, "but I do ask you for her sake to forego your claim and leave her before harm is done."

"And give up the poor revenge of cutting out the cousin after he had supplanted me? I would require some compensation for that."

Lucille gave him a surprised and inquiring glance.

"Are you—are you not so much in love?"

"Not so much in love as to be altogether befooled; nor so blind as not to see the difference. Lucille, don't you know that I am more in love with you in a week's time than with her in a year? I feel a little ashamed of having revenged my wounded vanity by teasing Miss Kitty, but if you can forgive me I shall be fully repaid for any disappointment she caused me to suffer."

Well, she did it, of course; and Kitty pouted at having the knot of her entanglement cut for her in this unexpected way, but Jack never suspected that he had been the cause for jealousy against the uncle-in-law who was presented to him at a later date.

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"She is at the chief's cabin, senorita," said a buccaner.

"And my father?" asked Rafael.

"Up at the cabin," was the answer.

Dreading evil, Rafael and Nellie walked rapidly on and soon reached the quarters of the chief.

The door was open, and just within lay a form upon a cot, while beside it knelt Mad Maud—her face pale and tear-stained.

"You have come too late, he is dead."

"Dead, Maud! My father dead?" cried Rafael, kneeling by the cot.

"Yes; he grieved so for you that he brought on hemorrhage from his wound, and it killed him—your father and my husband."

"Woman, what mean you? This is no time for you to show your madness," said Rafael, sternly.

"Rafael Mordant, I am not mad. I was mad, oh, yes; but the fire has gone from my brain, and I am now sane, and I tell you the truth—that that man was my husband and I am your mother."

Rafael gazed upon her in silence: could he believe what he heard?

Since his fourth year he had never seen his mother, she had been told that she was dead—cruelly murdered—could this be she?

"Do you tell the truth?" he gasped, at last, while Nellie, pale and trembling, stood by.

"So help me God, yes! Listen, Rafael, and you shall judge."

"Twenty-five years ago I married the man who lies dead before me. It was far away from here—in a Northern State. He was rich, I was poor, and his riches and good looks won me from one I then loved, and to whom I was engaged."

"We were married, this man, Rafael Mordant, and I—then we traveled about the world for several years—in fact, until our two children were born."

"Two children?" almost whispered Rafael.

"Yes, two children—you and your sister, four years your junior; there she stands! Then we crossed the path of your father's cousin, his best friend, the one to whom I had been engaged, and the only man I ever loved."

"That meeting of Rafael Mordant and Walter Markham was a bitter one to me. Your father, fell, dangerously wounded by the hand of Walter Markham, who shot him down mercilessly, and I, I listen, for I hid not my own shame, fled with the man who had, I believed then, killed my husband."

"Oh, God!" groaned Rafael.

"I have had that cry on my lips ever since, boy, for never did I know joy again. Yes, we fled, and I took with me my little girl—this one here. You looked too much like your father for me to love you then, and I was infatuated with Walter Markham, then an officer of the United States navy."

"For some years he treated me well, and then I learned that he was engaged to be married to a Southern lady, and, accusing him of it, I swore revenge."

"One night I went to sleep, I and Nellie here, as usual, and when we awoke we were at sea, the cabin of a vessel and by my bedside sat a woman and man, who had me in charge."

"They told me I was mad, and was being sent to an insane asylum in England; but I knew that I had been drugged and carried, with my child, on board that vessel."

"But I reached not England, for the vessel was taken by a pirate, and in that pirate I recognized my husband, him whom I had believed dead; but he had survived his wound, and had gone in search of Walter Markham, fitting out a vessel for the purpose, and having boarded several vessels, he reached the boat in which he drifted into piracy."

"He knew me as soon as I did him, and he swore he would kill me, but offered me life if I would swear never to tell you, or any one else, that I was his wife, your mother. To save the lives of Nellie and myself, I took the oath, and he brought me to this island to live; but never, until last night, when he was taken ill, did he speak one kind word to me in all these long years gone by; then he forgave me, Rafael."

"And I forgive you, too, mother."

With a cry of almost frenzied joy, the poor woman sprang toward her son, and was drawn to his heart, while Nellie, his sister, was encircled by his other arm.

Thus stood these three, so strangely united, and the moments sped away.

At last Rafael spoke.

"Mother, I always knew my father had a bitter revenge to reap upon Captain Markham, yet I never knew the whole story, and I believed my mother to be dead. I never knew I had a sister; now we must never part."

"Rafael, my noble son, your father's papers you will find his miniature and mine; also titles to property he holds. He bade me tell you to seek your own. He gave you his blessing in dying, and I beg you, my son, to give up this fearful life."

"Mother, my resolve is already taken. Within two hours I leave this island forever. Now, you and my sweet, brave sister, prepare to go with me in the *carrera*. As soon as I return, I will have my poor father buried," and affectionately crying he kissed his new-found mother and sister, Rafael hastily wended his way to the beach, where Roy Woodbridge informed him that a few of the islanders would sail in the lugger for other scenes, but the women and children, with the remainder of the men, except several who were in the *carrera*, preferred to remain on the island.

"But the Sea Hawk and other vessels of war will come here."

"Yes, sir, I told them that; but they say they will play innocent—say they have been made captives by the buccaners, who deserted the island and left them here."

"So be it. We must get away at once—as soon as I have buried my father—nay, I will give him burial in the deep sea, which he loved so well."

Half an hour after, the *carrera* stood out of the island basin for the last time, and at her helm was Rafael, no longer the Rover, while by his side stood his mother and sister, and Roy Woodbridge, Matt Morton and Salvador were acting as the crew of the fleet craft, that was so swiftly leaving astern the buccaners' isle.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CONCLUSION.

WHEN it was discovered the following morning that Rafael the Rover had escaped, of course no one was to blame, for Captain Markham had not sent for the prisoner, as could be easily proven, and General Sebastian had not been at the Moro when the prisoner left, and he would not allow Inez to be censured for what she had done.

Fatigue at the escape of Rafael, Captain Markham at once put to sea, visited the buccanier isle, and sent in his boats; but they found there only what pretended to be a peaceful settlement, the captives of the pirates, who had gone, the islanders said, they knew not where.

Resuming his voyage, Captain Markham was promoted to the command of the Sea Hawk, and his old commander and his lovely daughter set sail in the brig Sunbeam, Captain Rodney, for New York; but they did not leave before Inez Revilla was attended a grand wedding, where Inez Revilla was made the Senora Edmunds, her husband being the handsome, dashing young captain of the American sloop-of-war.

Whether it was the presence of Walter Markham on board the Sunbeam, or not, it is hard to say; but certain it is that storm after storm swept over the brig on her northward voyage, until, one dark and stormy night, she went ashore on the Virginia coast and became a complete wreck; her crew being washed into the sea, and along with them Captain Markham, who thus met his death amid storm and ruin.

But two persons were saved—and those two Captain Rodney and Mabel Markham, who had sought refuge in the cabin as the waves swept the decks.

And these two were saved by the crew of a life-boat that came out to the wreck in the early

morning—and in that boat were two persons well known to the reader—Roy Woodbridge and Rafael Mordant.

Kind reader, who has sailed with me o'er so many leagues of sea, and gone with me through so many scenes of danger, need I tell you now that Pretty Nellie, became the wife of Roy Woodbridge, and Mabel Markham, married the man whose life she had saved, and who was once known as Rafael the Rover?

No, you have already surmised this ending, and I will say *adieu!*

THE END.

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A dream of love, Be kind to each other, Come sit thee down, Comic Katee Darling, Cora Lee, Comic parody, Darling Jenny Bell, Dot-holly-tree cude, Give 'em string and let 'em went, Go it with you're young, Hoop de do didum, "I don't have to," I have something sweet to tell you, I have no mother now, I'll bet you'd like to see me dancing mad, I'm dancing mad, I wandered by the brook-side, John Jones, Just look at that, just look at this, Kathleen Mavourneen, Little Bell, Little Katy, or hot corn, Little Mollie Brown, Mary Allen, My dearest heart, My love he is a sailor boy, My mother dear, Nancy Lee, Nancy Bell, or old pine tree, Now ready, and for sale by all newsdealers, five cents each; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of six cents per copy.	Near the little cottage door, Oh! Marigold, Oh! the sea, the sea, Oh! scorn not thy brother, One more glass before we're parted, Our boyhood days, Our fatherland, Pecorily on "to the west!" Perhaps, Poor little Flo, Pretty Jane, She felt the kiss at me, Sparkling Sarah Jane, Sweet Matilda Brown, The death of Annie Laurie, The fireman's victory, The freeman's death, The grand old Lily Dale, The girl I left behind me, The home of the heart, The old whisky jug, The promenade elastic, The quilting party, The white rose of Texas, To the west, Vikings and his Dinah! Waiting for the May, What other name than thine, mother, When the good times come again, While the gas is burning.

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THE WARRIOR.

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW.

Behold, beside the garden gate,
A bright-eyed cherub, lonely, stands
At eve, when Nalads contemplate
Their shining waves and golden sands,
And wood-nymphs, filled with deep surprise,
From silvan nooks in haste retire,
As day's great king deludes their eyes,
And makes the leaves appear on fire.

The shepherd drives his fleecy charge
Athwart the fair and verdant vale,
Erewhile, the browsing kind discharge
Their tidings into Mary's pail.
The feathered choir, whose sweetest notes
This charming landscape heard, to-day,
Refresh their little, weary throats
In yonder cascade by the way.

Sweet Peace reposes over all,
And silence reassumes her sway;
The mill-wheel rests beside the wall,
The plow upon the fescue clay,
The brook's low murmur in the glen
Falls faintly on the listening ear,
Unbroken, save when in the fen
The croaking frog's low voice we hear.

But, these are all the sounds that mar
The solemn stillness of the scene,
While, here and there, a pallid star
Appears, to greet Night's coming Queen;
Whose light will chase the coming dawn,
Whose smile shall play upon the main,
Whence, maybe, some brave, hopeful band
Shall ne'er come back to friends again.

But, what induced that little lass
To go to yonder garden gate,
And there, half-covered by the grass,
To stay, so patiently, so late?
Lo, through the quivering evening shade,
A hero comes, with measured tread,
And, on his shoulder, that true blade,
With which he lays the living dead.

But, though he cuts the living down,
No human blood lies on his hands;
In murder he finds no renown,
For he but battles with his lands,
Nor, like the martial hero, he,
Bends down before a regal throne,
To take the thanks of Majesty
For making wives and mothers moan.

The victor sees the little maid,
Whose ardent kisses now repay
The labors of his shining blade,
That mowed the serried ranks to-day,
And, here comes "Ginger," blind with age,
To swell the conquering hero's train!
While, be it told in Story's page,
No tears are shedding for the slain.

And, at the vine-surrounded door,
His wife receives him with a smile;
Nor is the baby, on the floor,
Unmindful of "Papa" the while.
For, see! it rises and it goes
To where it thinks its words resound,
As, with its little timid toes,
It tries, anon, to grasp the ground.

Columbia! may you depend,
Forevermore, on men like this,
But never more on them to depend,
The right you hold to Freedom's bliss!
And, long may such brave soldiers find
In home's delight their best reward—
Their proper work, as God designed,
In cutting down the scented sword!

Tales of an Army Officer.

"PASSING IN HIS CHECKS,"

OR,

On the War-path with General Crook.

BY CAPT. SATTERLEE PLUMMER, U. S. A.

It was the Centennial year—the 10th of September—that General Crook's command was on its way to the Black Hills. Captain Mills's Third Cavalry had gone ahead, to buy rations, at the first settlement, and bring them out to us. We were without food of any kind, and had been in this condition for days.

During the march horses were killed and butchered by the men, who were in a starving condition, and on our arrival in camp, that night, Lieutenant Clark, Second Cavalry, made an issue of horse-meat to the command, the first issue of the kind ever made in the United States army.

I did not partake of this kind of food until the next day; there was something repulsive to me in eating our poor broken-down horses, who had carried us for so many weary miles, and by association in our hardships gained our love; and as the next issue was Indian pony meat, the necessity never existed, for which I am very thankful.

General Merritt, of the Fifth Cavalry, in my presence said: "That no horse was to be shot; that if a horse broke down you were to give him a chance, by leaving him near water." Somebody said: "But, general, the Indians will get them."

"I do not care; they deserve a chance; life is as dear to them as to us."

I thought at the time that it spoke well for his humanity, for he was something of a humanitarian, and in regard to the dumb animals confided to his care, and who neglects them, should be severely punished for such neglect, and no punishment can be severe enough. Pony meat is excellent—that is, cold, and Captain Rodgers, who was fortunate enough to have some antelope steak, mixed it with pony, and could not tell the difference.

Shortly after leaving camp on the morning of the 11th, an order was passed back to "fall out" weak horses who could not make a forced march of twenty miles, and gradually the news came along the column:

"Mills has had a fight, and sent for reinforcements and ammunition."
This news put life into the whole command, and no one wanted to "fall out," and many a bloody flank that day told how our men got through; for the ground, soaked with the continual rain we had had, was fearful for a forced march; horses sinking to their fetlocks, as they did at every step, while we were wading along through the mud that I saw Frank White, the scout, on my left and quite near, and hailed him:

"Oh! Chips! you will never get through, on that horse, in time to take a hand!"

For Frank White, or "Buffalo Chips," as we called him, was mounted on the sorriest-looking beast I ever saw. He answered me—and from what happened afterward, his answer was impressed upon my mind:

"I'll be there in plenty of time to get my fill. I say, Cap, have you a small-size chew, about your person?"

"Only some dried sage; will that do?"

"No. I'm obliged."

That was the last I beheld of White, until I saw him receive his death-shot. But, to continue:

Mills had indeed had a fight. With great good luck he had come across the village of "Roman Nose," containing over forty lodges, and captured it, together with a large herd of ponies. He lost a number killed and wounded. Among the latter was the gallant Lieutenant Von Luetwitz, Third United States Cavalry, who lost his leg, and the sufferings of this officer must have been something fearful, for we were obliged to carry him, on a travois, for nearly a hundred miles. As the head of our column reached the village sharp picket-firing was going on.

The Indians in the village were unusually rich; they had a full supply of everything for winter, buffalo-meat in profusion, robes in every state of being tanned, antelope and elk hides, dried berries, plums, and everything the heart could wish for—that is, the Indian heart.

Here we found a guidon of the Seventh Cavalry, and a corn-sack marked Fort Buford, showing that these Indians were in Custer's fight, as well as being among those who captured the grain from Terry, at the mouth of Powder river.

In a ravine close to the village—you might say in it—some Indians had taken refuge, their number unknown, and they had wounded a

number of soldiers, who had had the temerity to approach too near. Lieutenant Clark, Second Cavalry, and aide-de-camp to General Crook, determined to oust them; and a number of officers and men volunteered—myself among the number.

Frank White with the scouts had crept around the ravine, and gained a position in close proximity to the Indians; and as the bank they were on was higher than the one we were advancing to, had nearly a view of the Indians, and they had succeeded in keeping down their fire. We hailed Frank, and told him, and the others, to keep up as steady a fire as they could to protect our advance; and then we went for it at a rush. The Indians laid low until we were almost upon them, when they opened; two of our men were instantly killed, but we kept up firing. I glanced across the ravine at the scouts when I saw Frank White and Baptiste Furrier, with cries like a mountain lion—when wounded—rise and jump for the ravine, quicker than thought—withstanding the deadly fire they were under. Up rose two Indians and fired. Frank threw up his hands, and with a shout that was heard throughout the command, said:

"I'm done for; go for them, boys!" and he fell back, stone dead.

Baptiste never flinched, but jumped at one of the Indians and raised his scalp. If I live until my hair is gray, I never shall forget the picture he made. His face expressed concentrated hatred and revenge. We continued pouring in a deadly fire on the huddled Indians, until the cry came:

"Stop, for God's sake, stop!"

Far above the din made by the carbines and revolvers could be heard the cries of women and children, and the pitiful wail of infants.

Some daring officers at once jumped into the ravine and helped Baptiste hand out a number of women and children. Among the latter was a baby a few days old, whose mother was dead. It was given to one of the squaws, but she carried it back into the ravine, laying it by its dead mother, and saying:

"I have no milk; and there it stayed for probably an hour."

The bucks had moved up the ravine about six or seven yards, and to their credit, let it be recorded, did not fire while the officers were aiding their women and children; showing in this way that they have not lost all chivalry in their contact with the "Agency squaw-men."

General Crook determined not to allow any more firing on the ravine, but to take the Indians prisoners if possible; and if not, to burn them out, for already the casualties on our side were equal to the number of Indians in the ravine.

To this end he had a guard stretched outside of the line of fire and sent one of the squaws into the ravine to summon the Indians to surrender, and to inform them that they would be burned out if they did not.

After considerable time elapsing in parleying, they came out and delivered up their arms. One of them, American Horse, was badly wounded and died that night. On entering the ravine a sad sight met our gaze. A number of Indians were weltering in blood, among them two squaws. One of the latter I am certain must have been killed in the charge of the morning, and had been used as a breast-work, for she was so pallid as to give rise to the cry, "A white man!"

Her sex was soon discovered, and pity took the place of the revengeful feelings aroused by the cry.

General Crook ascertained from the prisoners that Crazy Horse, with over three hundred lodges, was about twenty miles from us, but owing to the want of rations and the condition of our horses it was impossible to make any demonstration against him, and even if we had, the chances are we would have been worsted in a lengthened scout.

In the afternoon about four o'clock Crazy Horse and his warriors, to the number of about five hundred, made an attack on us. Our camp was surrounded on three sides by bluffs, capped by small cedar trees, and the Indians came down them with their usual yell, driving in our pickets.

I expect they thought we were only a small party, and hoped to get our stock; it must have been a surprise to them to be confronted as they were, in a few moments, by nearly two thousand men in skirmish line.

The company herds were at once driven into the bed of Owl Creek to prevent a stampede. The main attack was on Colonel Mason's front, and extended nearly around the camp; skirmishing was general, and the Indians were driven back from ridge to ridge, until night fell and put an end to the fighting.

Rations we had to have; so, after entirely destroying the village, and burying our own dead under the burnt lodges, so our red brothers could not find them, we again took up our march for the new "El Dorado."

* White men who marry squaws.

THE CALIFORNIA MISER.—Michael Reese, the deceased miser of San Francisco, was a slave-trader at one period of his career. The wealth amassed by him amounted to seven or eight millions. He made a dozen fortunes in his lifetime, and was a dozen times, by the bankruptcy of others, by fire, and by shipwreck, reduced to beggary. A bachelor, he lived for many years a solitary life in a small and meanly-furnished apartment in one of his own buildings, but of late had quarters with an acquaintance in a suburban village, so as to evade city taxation on his personal property. His business office, in which negotiations involving millions were conducted, was a small room hardly large enough for a Chinese cigar shop. In habits, dress and manner he was a miser, but he was aware of it, and dispassionately protested that he couldn't help it, because it was a disease with him.

The Dark Lady of Dundee.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

"Then open your gates and let me go free,
For I cannot stay longer in Bonnie Dundee."
—SCOTT.

The very pink and flower of Scottish chivalry indeed was Roland Graham, Viscount of Dundee, who flourished during the days of Mary Queen of Scots.

A tall, well-built gentleman, just turned twenty-one at the time when the young Frenchman landed on the shores destined to prove so fatal to her; an acknowledged leader among the young "bloods" of the gay court—gay enough, indeed, during the early part of Mary's reign, thanks to the sprightly French fashions which she introduced; and it was no wonder that the gossips of the capital looked anxiously to see what fair dame the viscount would honor with his attentions.

And the most unlikely lady of all the fair ones of the brilliant court, so the gossips declared, the young nobleman selected.

Three brothers were there of the Maxwell clan, Robert, Alexander and David; Robert, the Rough; Alexander, the Cruel; David, the Crafty; so men characterized them.

And these three border lords, as ruthless and as wild as any unwhom moss-trooper native to the English "pale," had a sister, so soft and fair that even the gay French gallants, who were wont roundly to swear that the murky land of the north could boast no ladies to compare to the dames of la belle France, were fain to hymn her praises as being a very paragon of woman-kind.

Margaret she was called, a pure Scottish blue-bell, loving and gentle.

The fortunes of the Maxwell men had been on the wane for quite a number of years. A long and bloody feud with the powerful Scott clan had brought them nigh to the verge of ruin, but in these dark hours from a single accidental chieftain, David, the Crafty—and well he deserved the name—formed a plan by means of which the fallen fortunes of the Maxwell house might be lifted up again.

Great Murray, earl of that name, had journeyed to the border-land on purpose to sit in

judgment, and with the strong hand of power settle the long and bloody feud between the rival clans, Maxwell and Scott.

And at the Maxwell tower great Murray had seen the pretty Margaret—had seen and fancied the fresh young beauty, and solely on her account he had defied the power of the transgressions of the Maxwell men who, by the evidence of impartial witnesses, were proved to be the aggressors upon the opposite faction, nine times out of ten.

The chiefs of Scott grumbled and denounced the decisions of Murray, for they had calculated that he would hold the scales of justice with an even hand; but when he adjudged that both were equally to blame, and threatened the power of the crown's strong arm upon the first one to renew the quarrel, they cried out against the injustice of the decision and withdrew in wrath.

But they little dreamed why Murray had so decided.

In their side of the scales sat justice, but on the Maxwell side the blooming beauty easily outweighed the blind goddess.

Crafty David resolved to make the best use of the fortunate tide.

"We must to Holyrood!" he cried, to one of his brothers, "and Maggie must go along with us; she has taken Murray's eye, and as she thrives so well we. Her soft lips shall win for us what our hard hands have lost."

And so away at once to Holyrood they went. Murray was delighted, for this old, stern soldier had yet a taste for a fair and blooming girl; but as many an ancient sage has declared, "all things go astray when a woman rules the hour," the flower of Maxwell house turned her back on the great earl and fell desperately in love with gay young Dundee.

Great was the wrath of the brothers, and loudly and earnestly they remonstrated with the wayward girl.

Persuasion was in vain, and so they tried threats; but woman though she was, the girl soon let them see that the Maxwell blood in her veins was quite as good as the red current that flowed in theirs.

"Either Dundee or death!" she cried, defiantly.

And then the crafty one of the brothers, whose wits had planned the bringing of the girl to the court, set his brains to work to contrive some scheme whereby they might reach the end they sought.

"Dundee is but man," he said, "and man is but mortal. Were Dundee dead then our sister would be glad to accept the great earl."

The two other brothers swore roundly that the idea was a good one, and that the quicker they did in wait for Dundee and gave him his pass to the other world the better.

But here again the crafty wits of the younger brother came in play.

"It will not do to assault Dundee openly; nor must we be known in the matter at all. We are not now on the border-land. A single stroke aimed at Dundee, here, almost within the shadow of the throne, would cost all of our lives. No, Dundee must fall and we not privy to the deed."

His was a matter easily arranged.

The capital was full of idle, gallant "gentlemen" who followed the sword for a fortune, and who were quite ready to cut anybody's throat provided the service was well paid for.

The brothers set a close watch upon the young lover, and just about that time Dundee took a step which seemed to deliver him into the hands of his enemies.

He had previously lodged quite near the palace, in the principal street, and was always well surrounded by attendants; but now, all of a sudden, he dismissed his followers, took apartments in an obscure lane, and, in fine, separated himself entirely from his friends.

This was the very opportunity that the Maxwells sought.

At once David hunted out a leading swash-buckler and made a bargain with him.

For a certain sum in gold the fellow undertook to compass the death of the young man.

Maxwell kept his name to himself and claimed to be an Englishman, and he did not disclose the name of the victim, either, but deceived the bravo by stating that the man whose life was sought was one Michael Angertoff, a Swede, for the cunning fellow feared that the swordsman would not care to attack so eminent a man as Dundee.

The bravo dressed up his gang with morion and breast-plate, so that at a distance one would take them for a detachment of the night-patrol, and upon a certain night when the bells were striking twelve, Maxwell conducted the band to the old house where Dundee had taken up his quarters.

When the light in the window was extinguished knock at the door and say that you bring a message from Margaret Maxwell; he will open the portal at once; then strike him," the plotter said, and the instruction given, the wily wretch stole cautiously away.

Concealed in the shadows cast by the houses the brigands waited for the extinguishing of the light.

And while they waited the chief of the band pondered over the instructions given.

"Margaret Maxwell," he muttered; "why, that is the lady with whom the bold Dundee is in love, and what has this Swede to do with her?" The gossip of the court was familiar to him. "Has this fellow tricked me and is it Dundee himself we are to attack?"

"Hist, captain!" cried one of the ruffians, in a surprised tone; "is it a spirit comes yonder, gliding with noiseless steps?"

And, sure enough, down the street came a dark form, moving with noiseless motion.

It wore the appearance of a woman; it glided up the steps of the old house, half-revealed a white face, wondrous in its beauty, and then glided through the door which hardly seemed to open to admit her.

"It is a spirit!" the bravo cried, "the Dark Lady of Dundee, the phantom of the Graham house, and its appearance presages death."

The lights were extinguished suddenly. The bravos waited a few minutes and then they advanced and knocked on the door, no answer came; they knocked again and again and at last, eager for the fray, broke in the door.

The house was empty; no living soul within. The lovers were far away, for the old mansion had but served as a meeting-place for Dundee and his sweetheart. The night of the assassination was the night of their flight. The spirit form was Margaret Maxwell fleeing to her lover's arms; horses waited at the rear of the house and the lovers had fled at once.

For once the Dark Lady had brought joy and not woe to Dundee.

Seeing and Believing.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

OCTAVIA DALZELL sat inside the heavy amber velvet curtains that draped the big bay window off from the elegant drawing-room, making the most cozy little spot imaginable, with its vines and blooming flowers, its two or three statues, its two silken easy-chairs.

One minute before she had kissed Mr. Thorn Tressel good-by for six weeks—handsome Thorn Tressel, with eyes blue as a forget-me-not, that had a trick of making silent, passionate love when they looked into a pretty woman's eyes, with his heavy golden mustache shading a mouth whose smile was faultless, with his close-curling hair—oh, such a grand-looking fellow he was that now, as he rode toward the village depot, with one of Miss Dalzell's grooms at a respectful distance, Octavia's heart was giving great bounds of ecstasy as she watched him and thought that when he came again, six weeks later, when the blossoms would be falling in showers over the fresh young grass, it would be to claim her for his bride.

"My love, my darling, my Thorn!"

Her lovely dark eyes were tender with the womanly devotion of her heart—the heart she had given so freely, despite her reserve, her haughty pride, when Thorn Tressel had sued.

For she loved him so truly, so proudly that it seemed to her a very little thing to give him her own true self with the seventy thousand dollars and the magnificent estate of which she was owner, where she lived a sort of idolized young queen by her friends and servants.

And Mr. Thorn Tressel! Galloping along to the depot at the end of his five days' visit, his handsome face wore a look of mingled triumph and relief.

"Thank God, so much of it's over! To be sure, it's remarkably delightful to fall into such a well-furnished nest and realize that a fellow has secured a life free from debts and duns, and is very delightful, and I appreciate it vastly—if it wasn't such a deuce of a bore—this love-making and devotion, and the loss of freedom. By George, it's a deuced nuisance, though, and if it wasn't for the horrible conditions of my exchequer, I'm not sure I wouldn't cut it yet!" But there's a month, yes, six weeks yet—thank fortune I've that reprieve before I bid good-by to single-blessedness, and I'll cram all the enjoyment I can into it, or I'll be because Blanche Conway has forgotten how to flirt.

And while his thoughts ran on in such loyalty

delectable style, Octavia Dalzell was sitting in the gathering twilight, crying softly for love of him, for genuine loneliness at prospect of her six weeks' separation from him!

The red banners of sunset were streaming out against a lovely opaline sky, and the soft hush that comes at the death of the day was brooding like a benediction over the lawns and terraces at Miss Dalzell's home, and Octavia, with a scarlet shawl draped artistically over her dusky hair, stood at the rustic entrance-gate to the footpath, reading a letter just brought from the village post-office.

She had confidently expected a letter from Thorn Tressel and her cheeks had paled a little with keen disappointment when she found there was none for her; then, news from her one married sister living in New York being next welcome, she had selected Mrs. Arlingville's, and stood leaning against the carved gate-post while she read the delightful gossip, and the urgent invitation to go to the city for a few days' final shopping and enjoyment before the wedding that was now but two weeks off.

And suddenly the determination came to Octavia to run down to the city again, despite her previous judgment that it was unnecessary.

"It will be such a charming surprise to Thorn to see me, and I do so want to see him, too! Yes, it will be delightful, and I shall see Augusta to thank for a very great and unexpected pleasure."

So, twenty-four hours later saw Octavia Dalzell and Mrs. Arlingville in full swing of delightful chat and gossip over their chocolate and cream-toast, in Mrs. Arlingville's dainty little rose-hung boudoir.

"And now tell me what you think of 'Thorn, Augusta? You had never met him when I saw you last—tell me, isn't he handsome and grand, and good enough for a princess?"

Octavia's face was all eloquent over Mr. Tressel, and her dark eyes shone with an eagerness that somehow seemed almost cruel to Mrs. Arlingville to be obliged to dampen.

"Mr. Tressel is certainly handsome, dear—one of the finest looking fellows I ever saw, and very stylish and self-possessed, and a great favorite in society."

Octavia looked questioningly at her sister.

"There is not the hearty ring in your words I want, Augusta. Don't you like Thorn? Truly, Augusta, why do you speak so—so—doubtfully?"

Mrs. Arlingville laid down her little gold spoon in the pink saucer as she met Octavia's clear, frank gaze.

"Because, dear, I am a little distrustful of him. He is too fond of ladies' society for a man who expects to be married in so short a time. He flirts too much, dear, to give promise of a faithful, devoted husband. People remark his attention to Miss Conway, and even doubt his engagement at all."

A faint surprise of pain came into Octavia's eyes and her lips quivered.

"Oh, Augusta, how can he be so thoughtless! for it is only thoughtlessness, I know!"

Mrs. Arlingville shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Thoughtlessness! Well, perhaps it is! Suppose we go to Mrs. St. George's reception to-night and you can see for yourself. Mr. Tressel does not dream of your being in town."

Later, Octavia stood before the dressing-glass, with vivid carnation tints on her cheeks, and flashing brilliance in her brown eyes as she wondered what would come to her that night—whether she should or should not prove her lover's thoughtlessness.

She was very quiet at Mrs. St. George's, not dancing or promenading, but sitting in the retirement of a cozy corner, with Mrs. Arlingville, watching with eager eyes every newcomer who paid respects to the hostess, and at last rewarded by a sight that sent the blood racing from her cheeks—the sight of Mr. Tressel, tall, handsome and distinguished even among the handsome and distinguished men who thronged Mrs. St. George's elegant parlors—Mr. Thorn Tressel, with a petite, laughing-eyed girl on his arm to whom he was very evidently very devoted.

Mrs. Arlingville touched Octavia with her fan, and Octavia turned a swiftly paling face mutely in answer, while great hot throbs of jealous pain seized her heart at sight of her lover, her darling, bending his head over Blanche Conway's pretty head, just as he had bowed over her—and was he whispering in Blanche Conway's ears as he had whispered in hers!

Such a miserable, faint dejection kept creeping on toward her heart, even after Mr. Tressel and Miss Conway had gone on into the dancing saloon, that Octavia found it impossible to remain quietly where she was.

"I want to get away from them—I shall scream or cry—or something. I must go home, Augusta; I must get away!"

And Mrs. Arlingville's lovely eyes were full of pity that it had been so ordered that Thorn Tressel should be the master one who could so change the current of Octavia's life.

"Poor dear—do you really love him so well? Somehow I had thought—I had hoped—"

She whispered it as she and Octavia were standing in one of the dressing-rooms, putting on their wraps, and Octavia turned her dark eyes, all aflash, on her.

"Augusta! Was I not to be his—"

And just that instant two girls came laughing and chatting into the adjoining dressing-room from a room thrust out a dainty cream-kid-dened bath to her companion.

"Fasten my glove, there's a darling, Lu! And then arrange these heavenly flowers in my hair—Mr. Tressel begged me to wear them the rest of the evening."

"Lu" laughed as she obeyed the little beauty's requests.

"Blanche, do you know you are flirting most outrageously to-night? I do declare I shall begin to reverse my decision and admit that after all Mr. Tressel is still the market and desirous of being captured by you."

Miss Conway's light, joyous laugh sent every drop of blood curdling through Octavia's veins.

"In the market! Of course he's in the market! It's all the most silly nonsense this talk of his being engaged to me!"

Why, he talks to me as no gentleman would dare talk unless he meditated a speedy proposal—depend on it. Lu, my dear, if you intend to be first bridemaid at my wedding to Mr. Tressel you'd better be thinking about getting ready. Thanks! the flowers look lovely. Shall we go down now? Mr. Tressel assured me he would die of impatience if I was not back immediately."

And, when the young ladies had gone down the stairs, Octavia deliberately stepped to the balustrade and looked over to see Thorn Tressel meet Miss Conway with a smile and a whispered word that proved to her the girl was justified in her opinion.

Then, very quietly, she and Mrs. Arlingville took their leave, leaving behind her forever the bright, sweet dreams from which she had been so rudely, so pitifully, so mercifully awakened.

While on the morrow came the dispelling of the delightful delusions—delusions he had never dreamed would prove as such, but which he knew were only his honest dreams, when, in a curt, cold note, Octavia Dalzell told him she thought Miss Blanche Conway a far preferable match for him, but that, whether or not her opinion and the young lady's agreed, she must withdraw from her engagement with him for obvious reasons.

Nor did all Mr. Tressel's subsequent efforts prove the least successful in bridging the chasm his own hands had made. When he wrote, Octavia returned his letters unopened. When he called at Mrs. Arlingville's she